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On the "D K" Ranch.

A LOVE STORY.

Written for the Western Home Monthly by
Jack Beeton, Winnipeg.



Dawn was just breaking over the western prairies. Far away to the eastward, beyond leagues of billowy meadow grass, a vast dome of dull gold was rising silently and swiftly. From a belt of timber bordering a near ravine came sleepy twittering of birds—blackbirds, blue jays, meadow larks and robins—calling softly to drowsy mates.

On either side of the ravine stretched the prairie, "boundless and beautiful," its level expanse of green unbroken, save for one long tortuous line where the trail led from the "D K" rancho to the town, a dozen miles away. It was an early hour for human beings to be abroad, even in this month of June, but far down the trail from the east came a man drawing quickly nearer along the winding trail. Youth, strength and vitality betrayed themselves in every movement of the erect, muscular figure, assurance and self-reliance in the proud carriage of the head set well back on a pair of broad shoulders. His brown hair, thick and curling, was now partly hidden under a jaunty football cap. But Leslie McKay's chief charm lay not so much in his manly figure, nor even in the handsome gray eyes—though both were well nigh perfect—as in a certain almost feminine sweetness and tenderness of expression about the mouth and eyes. No man could say Leslie McKay had a weak face, yet its beauty was—to women at least—almost irresistible.

Whistling a college song in time to his pace, he walked swiftly on, recognizing with brightening eyes each familiar turn of the road.

A breath of fresh air blowing lightly set the meadow grasses waving in ripples of green.

"Dark shadows seemed to glide along
And chase the sunny edges."

Now, as the broadening day grew brighter, he slackened his pace to take in the wondrous beauty of a prairie sunrise. Banners of rosy red that a few minutes ago were dull gray clouds, streaming shafts of yellow and orange, waving towards the very zenith, banks of scarlet with shadows of blue, all combined in one glorious blaze of color unequalled on earth save by its own evening counterpart. With the very delight in all things fresh and young, he drew in deep breaths of the pure, cool air, and laughed aloud.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "how have I endured three years among the dead bones and stale odors of medical colleges and hospitals? How could I stand it after ever having breathed such air, or viewed such a sunrise as this?"

For, although Leslie had been reared

out here among the tawny-backed hills and the fresh, fragrant valleys, he had said good-bye to them all a few years ago and had gone to study medicine in the city. Since that time he had never been back among the old scenes, and had only reached the town on the express late the night before. And now, as he again breathed the scent-laden air, the gloriousness and the freedom of the prairie seemed to possess him in a way he had never before realized.



Hang on! for your life.

Some cattle from a great herd lying hitherto unseen by the edge of the ravine, rose, stretched themselves lazily and stood black against the dawn. Leslie walked among them, examining the markings. They were all from the "D K" rancho, belonging equally to him and his brother Donal. So interested was he that he failed to notice the approaching gallop of a small broncho, and was startled when a voice close at hand sang out, clear and sweet as the notes of a thrush:

"I love my prairie home,
I love my prairie home,
Where skies are blue and hearts are true,
I love my prairie home."

Around the edge of a clump of willows came a girl riding at full speed. Leslie caught one glimpse of a face like a rose framed in dark curls blowing over a crimson cap. She seemed the spirit of western freedom and beauty.

He was about to call a warning about the cattle, but was too late. A black steer sprang up with an angry snort, almost from under the pony's feet. The frightened animal swerved sharply to one side. The girl's song stopped abruptly and she reeled in the saddle.

With one hand grasping the pommel, she hung perilously, her left foot entangled in the stirrup. The broncho plunged from left to right.

"Hold on for your life," shouted Leslie, darting forward.

In another instant he had the bridle in a firm grip and the horse brought to a standstill. Then with the other arm he drew the girl from her dangerous position. He caught one frightened glance from a pair of dark eyes.

"My ankle," she moaned, "it must be broken." And then she fainted.

They were close to the edge of the ravine, and he knew every foot of it. Taking her in his arms as though she were a child, he ran down the steep incline towards where, far below at the bottom, a little stream rippled over the stones. Hazel bushes showered them with dew, roses and cherry blossoms brushed past laden with perfume, wild grape vines entangled the pathway and wolf-willows interlocked to bar his progress, but he pushed them aside as nothing.

He reached the bottom safely, and

"Your pony threw you; don't you remember?" he replied, gently, "and I carried you down to the water."

"Oh, I remember," she said, passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away its confusion. "How foolish of me to be riding so early in the morning, and alone. But, then, I had done it so often before, and nothing ever happened. It is the sunrise," she explained, turning to him half apologetically. "It is so beautiful I can't resist it. I believe I am a perfect slave to beauty in any form," she went on, half laughing, and then as her eyes rested on his face she crimsoned hotly and turned away covered with confusion at the slip she had made. "What a bold compliment he will think I am paying him," she thought to herself angrily, as she bent over the hurt foot. But nothing could be farther from Leslie's mind. Faults he had, but conceit was not one of them, and he did not appropriate the compliment to himself.

She made an attempt to climb the hill, but one step sent the color flying from her cheeks, while her lips set in a line of pain.

"Oh, I can't walk. What shall I do?" she said, piteously, holding out both her hands. She looked such a child! The pain in her eyes hurt him more than any suffering he had ever endured. Without a word he drew nearer.

"Permit me," he said, gently, and, not waiting for a refusal, lifted her in his arms and began the ascent. Again the rose bushes and hazels crowded the pathway, while maples, interlocked with berry bushes heavy with blossoms, joined to bar all progress, but the strength of ten men seemed to possess him while that dark curly head lay so close to his own. The odors of spring arose on every side perfuming the air; robins and blackbirds burst into song overhead.

At last they reached the level, and found the broncho contentedly nibbling the short grass. Leslie placed her in the saddle and took the bridle in his own hand.

"No," he laughed, as she reached for the reins, "I shall lead you safely home. As your doctor, I cannot leave you to the heartless care of this quadruped. Poor little foot!" he added, adjusting it carefully, "we can give it better attention when you reach home."

"Don't pity me," she protested, "I deserve to be well scolded, as I probably shall be when I reach home."

"Where do you live?"

"On the 'D. K.' rancho," she replied.

"Are you visiting there? Well, isn't that jolly!" laughed Leslie. "That is my home."

"Oh," she cried, delightedly, "then you are —?"

"Leslie McKay. And you?"

"Grace Burton McKay."

Leslie repeated the name after her, standing like one half dazed, his hand still grasping the bridle rein, all the laughter struck from his face. A cold mist seemed to have crept from somewhere, blotting out the landscape as it lay now alit with golden daylight.

"Grace McKay," he repeated, slowly. "Ah, yes, yes, I had almost forgotten. Of course, then, you are my brother Donal's wife?"

CHAPTER II.

When Lawrence Burton, banker, of New York City, lay dying, he sent a message to his only living relative, a distant cousin, Mrs. McKay, of some far-away ranch in the Canadian North-

For weeks after the accident, while Grace enjoyed the comforts of semi-invalidism, and lay most of the day on the easy couch in the long, cool dining-room, Leslie kept her constantly amused with all the fun, news or bits of gossip of the neighborhood. They became



The gentle faced, silvery haired mother.

west, beseeching her as a last request that she would, after his death, take charge of his only child, Gracie. Her mother had died long years before, and since then the child had been allowed to grow up, uncontrolled by little else than her own sweet will. She studied only such subjects as pleased her, which meant that quite two-thirds of her time was devoted to music. She played the piano brilliantly with all the dash and fervor of her happy, imperious disposition.

To this girl of eighteen life on the western ranch, with its freedom and novelty, came like one long holiday. She was perfectly happy and contented, and, when not at her music, spent most of her time galloping over the prairie on a well-trained little broncho, accompanied sometimes by "Tom Bob," the herdsman, occasionally by her big, quiet "cousin" Donal, but he was generally too busy for such pastime.

Her bright face was a constant delight to old Mrs. McKay. "Gracie reminds me of Leslie," she used to say sometimes to Donal. "She brings the very sunshine wherever she goes." Not that Mrs. McKay meant to be partial to her younger son, but the two brothers were so different! Donal, always sober and steady, sometimes even stern, had settled down to work ever since his father had died, leaving him, then a boy of eighteen, to manage the ranch. Leslie was ten years his junior, but the younger boy took to books and not to ranching, and they let him have his way.

It seemed quite natural to everyone that Grace should marry Donal. He had always possessed from his boyhood a silently masterful way that commanded obedience as its right. So when one day, with all the light of such a love as comes but once in a lifetime to a man shining in his eyes and making a tremor in his deep voice, he had said: "You will marry me, little Gracie, won't you?" she obediently answered "Yes," and they were married the following spring. Placid, easy-going Mrs. McKay was contented to see her elder son married at last, and never supposed that the girl existed who would not be happy and proud to marry Donal McKay.

CHAPTER III.

There were jolly times at the ranch that summer. Parties of young people from town or the neighboring districts were always coming and going either to shoot, picnic or enjoy a musical evening at McKay's.

very close friends, these two, so like each other in many ways. They played duets together, now going into raptures over some favorite passage they performed particularly well or again finding fault with each other's playing in words of the frankest candor, till Leslie, who always lost his temper first, would lock his violin away in its case with a vicious snap, and stalk off, declaring that he could not play with such an unreasonable creature. Then probably in less than an hour he would be back with a peace offering of beautiful prairie flowers, roses, blue-bells, anemones or lilies. And Donal, if he were there, would laugh in his quiet way at the "children's quarrel," and think no more about it. A certain rather arrogant belief in his own superiority over the generality of mankind protected him from life's minor miseries. So that one day he experienced a pang of what in a smaller-minded man might be called jealousy. Coming around the corner of the house suddenly one sunny morning he came upon Grace and Leslie training up a hedge of sweet peas. With both arms full of vines, and her face framed in the gorgeous blossoms, she was superintending the driving of nails.

"Put one here, Leslie," she ordered, "right in this spot where I have my finger."

With such a charming picture before his eyes, small wonder that he scarcely saw the nail, and presently there was a little scream of pain.

"Oh—h! You great awkward boy; you have hit the wrong nail," she said, half laughing, half crying, while the vines dropped in confusion. Leslie seized the injured fingers and kissed them with such a look of passion and contrition in his eyes that Grace blushed, and snatched away her hand. It was altogether a very pretty tableau, but Donal missed the beauty of it. A deep frown was on his face as he turned away unseen.

"It's time I gave that boy something to do besides training flowers and playing the fiddle," he muttered. That evening after tea he said abruptly:

"Leslie, I wish you would go to town to-morrow and engage the masons. It's time the stone-work of that new barn was laid, if we intend completing it this fall."

"Certainly," replied Leslie, "but you know the men better than I do, Donal. Wouldn't it be better —?"

"I've no time," said Donal, shortly. "Just now the cattle buyers are taking all my attention, and as you're not particularly busy, you might superintend that job."

His mother, catching an unusual hard note in Donal's tone, looked up from her sewing and scanned his face closely. Perhaps her heart had its own suspicions, but Leslie, tuning his violin to the piano, only said, carelessly:

"All right, old man; I'll start to-morrow. Give me that 'a' once more, Grace, please."

Soon a flood of music filled the room, some melody soft and slow, full of tender love and pity, soothing as a quiet rain upon a summer's night. Gradually the frown faded from Donal's brow, and his one carking care was forgotten. The gentle-faced, silvery-haired mother sitting at the window, let her hands fall idly in her lap while she drank in the melody, her eyes, meanwhile, gazing far over the golden-shafted prairie to the crimson glory of the setting sun. Presently the music changed. Gay, bright strains floated out to where "Tom Bob" and "Mer-Ellen" rested in the cool of the evening on the back verandah, and brought memories of happy days and happier nights long ago, when they lived on the banks of the Red river, and it was "Jig, boyh, jig," all night, and perhaps all next day, till moccasins played out before they.

Presently, moonlight, white and mel-low, floods the prairie, and silence and sleep settle over the scene.

CHAPTER IV.

Through September and October masons and framers had been busy working on the new barn. From early morning till dusk, mingled sounds of planes, saws, hammers and trowels resounded, and now the timbers lay ready to raise upon their stone foundation.

That autumn the weather had been perfect. Days of summer-like sunshine and dry weather had succeeded each other for two months, but now toward the end of October the change had come. One afternoon a mist lay cold and gray over all the landscape. Now and then chill gusts of wind would scatter momentarily the damp, enshrouding fog

was walking listlessly toward the ranch house. Dejection and misery spoke from every attitude and movement. With cap pulled down and eyes fixed on the ground, he paid no attention whatever to the chickens which rose at almost every turn of the road. Evidently the gun over his shoulder was only an excuse for an afternoon of bitter self-examination and unhappy thoughts. The summer had left its seal on his face; all its sunny carelessness had fled forever, giving place to an expression once moody and careworn. It was the face of a man who had battled with self and won, but all life's hope and joy had been the price of victory.

At the spring near the house, he suddenly came upon Grace, wrapped in a long gray ulster, her hands full of trailing arbutus.

"Grace, you should not be out on such a day," he said, sharply, by way of greeting.

"Ach, shouldn't I, neow," she answered, saucily, with a little Irish drawl, "and it's yourself should be knowing by this time that no kind of weather hurts me at all, at all." She laughed in his face; her high spirits maddened him.

"Does anything hurt you, I wonder?"

savagely.

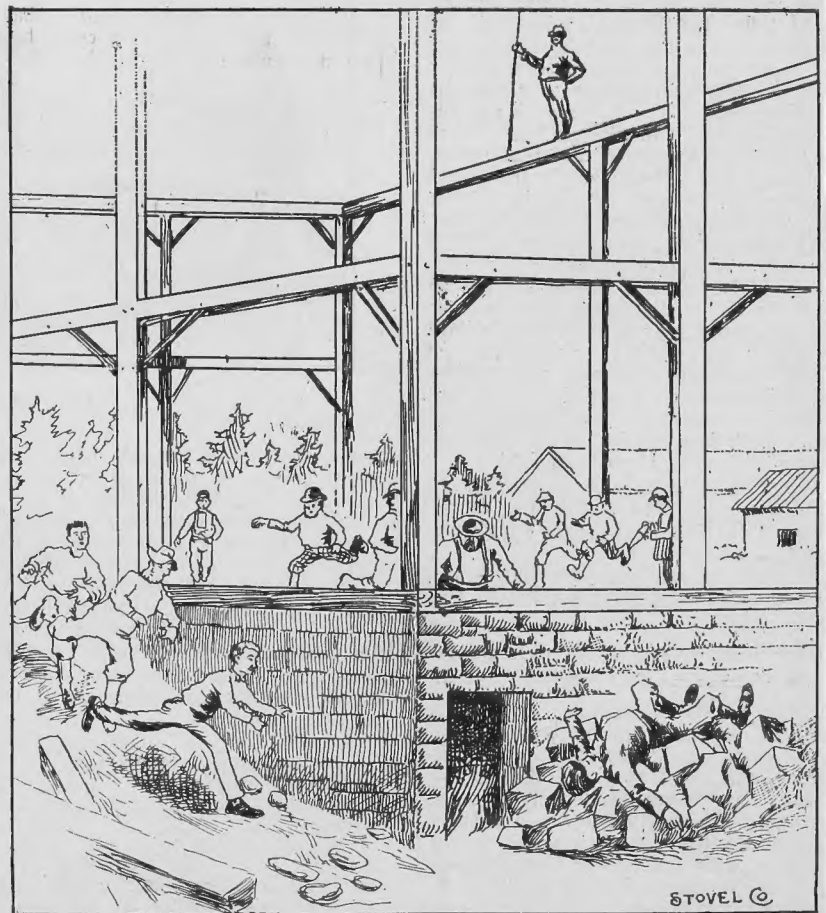
"Oh, yes," lightly. Then, with a sidelong glance at his moody face,

"Your going away to-morrow, for instance."

A sudden gleam flashed over his face. She caught it and added calmly, "One can't play duets alone, you know." Then he straightened himself in anger, and an irresistible inclination came over him to sound the depth of this girl's feelings. They were near the end of the ravine. He took her hand to help her up the bank, and its touch drove all good resolutions for a time from his mind. They were alone, they two, shut off from all the world by gray walls of mist, alone as though they stood in eternity's stillness. He bent to look in her eyes.

"Grace," he said, softly, "I am going away to-morrow."

"I know it; but you will come again in the summer?"



He lay bruised and bleeding on the stones below.

and reveal clumps of trees, wind-swept and bare, or herds of cattle standing, huddled and black in the wet, brown grass. Somewhere above the mists a few belated geese went clanging noisily southward.

Down in the ravine, where dead leaves lay piled wet and heavy, Leslie McKay

There was no answer, and his silence compelled her at last to raise her eyes to his. She saw a new Leslie, whom she had never known before, with face set and stern.

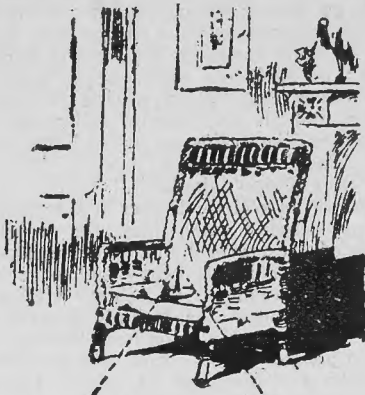
"I am never coming back, Gracie," he said, slowly.

Then a great loneliness came over her

MUSICAL NOTATIONS.



1.—"A" minor.



2.—This is "D" sharp.



3.—Just before a "rest."



4.—"Down."

as the meaning and reason of his words grew clear. Life here without Leslie! Day after day and year after year! It would not be life at all! A mist of tears blurred his sight, and she held her hands out blindly.

"No, no, don't say that. I—I can't bear it, Leslie," she sobbed. "It will be so—so dreary here without you."

He caught his breath sharply, and the light of heaven's happiness gleamed in his eyes.

"I know it, Gracie," he whispered, "and that is just why I must go, dear, and never return. For I love you, dear; I love you, and perhaps you love me a little. But it's all too late—too late—we must remember."

"Donal," she whispered back, starting from him in sudden remembrance. One long look of anguish, and again she said, "We must remember Donal," and turning, went with bowed head toward the house, while Leslie went with swift strides down the glen and disappeared in the mist.

"Yes, you will remember Donal," said Donal McKay through his clenched teeth, as he came around the willow clump. "You are both a little late in remembering Donal." And with a look of intense hatred he watched his brother's disappearing form.

That night the wind changed to the north and a sharp frost set in. Morning broke dull and raw, with every branch, bush and blade of grass wrapped in a coating of ice. When the men gathered to raise the barn they found each beam and rafter lying smooth and icy on the frozen ground. A keen wind blew bitterly from the north, but no one seemed to mind it much. The men divided into two "gangs" prepared to race in speed of putting up the opposite sides. Everywhere was bustle, noise, and good-humored chaffing. Each side made great progress, but one could not gain a foot over the other.

In-doors the women were not less busy. They had no time to watch the progress of the barn with a meal to prepare for a crowd of hungry men — no one, except Grace, whose feet involuntarily led her time and again towards the kitchen window. From there she had a good view of all the proceedings, and this, she told herself, was what she wished to see. But she knew in her heart of hearts that her eyes sought but

one figure in that crowd. Only one held interest for her. And that one was going away to-night forever! Of course, it was the right thing to do; it was the only thing in fact, but her heart was numb with the pain of it.

"Gracie, Gracie," called the mother's gentle voice, "we need some help here, lassie."

"Did you never see a barn raised?" asked one of the girls, curiously.

"Why, of course she didn't. They don't raise barns in New York City. Look awa' a' ye like, my bairnie," and the mother smiled into the wistful face, then turned away with a quick sigh. For the first time in her life Leslie's mother was glad her boy was going to leave her.

When Gracie turned again to the window it was evident something had gone wrong. The men of one side were moving hurriedly to and fro. A glance over the framework revealed the cause. A long scantling near the top had swung loose at one end and now hung threateningly over the heads of the workmen. The carpenter was hastily summoned, but when he came he refused to climb the icy beams to undo it. Some of the more reckless men were for risking it and proceeding with the raising, but others flatly refused.

"Fetch a ladder," called Donal McKay, but before the order could be obeyed there arose a mighty cheer from the men.

"Hurrah for Leslie!" they shouted. Looking upward, Donal saw his brother swinging himself, with the agility of a cat, from beam to beam.

"The boy will slip and break his neck; he can't help it," Donal heard an old man beside him mutter. Then a strange gleam came into his eyes, and for one instant of his life at least, Donal McKay held murder in his heart and death in his eyes. Another moment and his better nature triumphed, and he saw nothing but the handsome, boyish form of a brother, long so dearly loved, before the sweet face of a woman came between them.

"Leslie, come down at once," he called peremptorily.

Pausing a while, Leslie glanced below, caught his brother's eye, smiled and sang out cheerily, "It's all right, old man!" He reached the top, dropped a line, drew up an axe and soon chopped away the scantling. Both axe and beam fell clattering to the ground, and again a vigorous shout arose from the men.

For one instant Leslie stood erect above them, and then — how did it happen? was it the jar the men gave the framework as they rushed back to their places, or did he make a careless step? Nobody knew, and no man saw. All they knew afterwards was that one instant they saw him standing erect and fearless, far above them; the next he lay a mangled heap, crushed, bruised and bleeding on the pile of stone below.

Many hands reached out tenderly to raise him from the ground where he lay motionless, but a wild scream arrested them. Grace, pushing them right and left, rushed to where he lay. Dropping on the ground beside him, she caught his lifeless form up in her arms calling him by name in such a piteous wail that many men turned aside to hide their tears.

Donal stood like one dazed, while strong arms carried the unconscious form of his wife and the dead body of his brother into the house. For Leslie was dead! And it was only a few minutes ago that he had hated him! The recollection of it made him shiver like one in an ague. He felt like a murderer. Someone touched his arm and led him indoors.

They had laid Leslie on the long sofa and gone away softly. Hours afterwards, when Donal stole in to look at him, he found Grace kneeling on the floor beside the sofa, her arms around Leslie and her long dark hair streaming across his breast. She looked at her husband with dull, vacant eyes.

"He is dead!" she whispered at last. "He is dead, and I loved him so."

Donal lifted her gently and held her in his arms, smoothing her hair with a tender hand. Slowly the light of reason returned to her eyes. With a heart-broken cry she caught his arm, sobbing: "Oh, Donal, forgive me, forgive me. I loved him, and now I have no one left in all the world."

Once more the roses and hawthorns bloom along the ravine in June sunshine. The perfumed breeze of the prairie sweeps gently up the valley, and scatters a thousand petals over two graves lying side by side on a sunny slope.

Success is a building on three foundations—the gift of God, the exertion of man, and the opportunities of life.

The Sentimental Pawnbroker.

"If it wuzn't that I'm desperate hard up," said Tuffold Knutt, cautiously producing a handsome rifle from beneath his long and ragged overcoat, "I wouldn't part with it fur nothin' in the world, but I've got to have some money to satisfy a graspin' lan'lord."

"How you got dot gun, mein freindt?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Captured it," said Tuffold Knutt, in a hoarse whisper, "in Cuby. I was in that charge of San Juan. At the word of command we went up that hill like lightnin'! 'Nothin' could stop us! We fit like tigers! About half way up the hill a Spaniard riz up from behind a gooseberry bush an' pinte his gun right at my heart. But my fightin' blood wuz up. I didn't hizitate a minute. I run a baynit through his neck and tuck his gun. This is the gun. It's a Mauser. I brought it home with me when the war wuz over. Mountains o' gold wouldn't buy it if I could afford to keep it. How much can I git on it?"

"Vot regiment you vas in, mein freindt?"

"The 25th Illinois."

"Ah, yes! Yau vas a prave soldier," said the pawnbroker, wiping his eyes with a greasy handkerchief. "On account dot you vight for your guntry, and dot you haf touch my heart, I will gif trembled with generous emotion—"I will you for dot gun"—and his voice gif you for dot gun, mein freindt, dree kervarters of a tollar!"—Chicago Tribune.

Even in Days of Yore.

"Where is the electrician?" yelled Noah, as he groped his way towards the engine-room. Thus, even in the days of yore, there was much commotion when the arc lights went out.—Brooklyn Life.

Lady (in poulterer's shop) — "You can put aside a half a dozen of your plumpest partridges."

Poulterer — "Yes, ma'am. Shall I send them at once?"

Lady — "No, my husband is out shooting partridges to-day and he will call for them this evening."—Tid-Bits.

Speaking of raw days, any day is only half done at noon.



5.—"Up."



6.—A "minor run."



7.—A "major run."



9.—"Finger exercise,"—fudge.

The Man at the Lonely Station

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

THOUGH it fell more than fifteen years ago, the story is still a live one in Langly Canon and Sutton's Bowl. As for Harry Pulver, he is likely to whisper of it in the delirium of his last breath. Not because utterance relative to it is his habit, but for the reason that the most moving occurrence of a man's life is prone to recreate itself mentally in his last mortal moment; and, as respects the reception of impressions, Pulver is not likely to know a stronger.

The scene of it lay in a sea of land long ago tossed up and fixed in a chaos of troughs and gigantic billows, a canon and sunken bowl in that mountain-flow which rolls out of British America and southward across Montana. The canon and bowl lay above Idaho, measuring in that mighty breadth of tipped and tumbled country as might a crack and dimple seen on the face of the moon.

Pulver himself was of New England stock. His father, an architect of some repute, had sickened with tuberculosis, and, of course, when too late, joined the colony in Colorado. At the end of a year death closed the matter for Pulver, Senior, and the widow and big boy, by one hazard and another, came ultimately to live in Ogden. Here the son got to school for a couple of years, following these with two or three years of desultory employment of varied sorts, ending in some months of study of telegraphy at home and further months as an unpaid "student" at a little station up in Idaho. From this station on the Oregon Short Line, which run is not at all short, young Pulver found himself one cold January day making head for a paid position as night operator at a station in Montana. He had telegraphed his mother, still at Ogden, to meet him at Pocatello and accompany him north to his station. But after the train had brought him through six hours and a wilderness of snow and sage brush and set him down at the Junction, he found she had not arrived. However, a message awaited him saying she would come by the night train, and, after an interview with the chief dispatcher, he boarded the mail for the north and got down at Langly, his station, as the sun was falling blood-hued and sullen among the mountains at the cold day's end.

As he stood on the platform he looked a trifle overgrown, with his hulking, powerful frame and blue-eyed, boyish face. He ran his eye slowly around the horizon, narrow from encroaching mountains, gray-blue, dull, then dropped his glance to the town, a mass of houses jammed into the canon on the right-hand side of a frozen stream. A short iron bridge hung over the silent creek, and beyond it he saw a crooked street of two-story buildings, and a brick block with "Langly Bank" inscribed across the front.

The air was bitter. Everywhere pedestrians hurried, bitten and spurred by the penetrating frost. Above the town, and up on the sloping shoulders of the ridges to the left, pine forests hung in clouds, black-green and motionless against vast up-sweeping fields of snow. Here and there at some distance his eye lit on gray hills of "tailings" from mines, and down from a slope a thousand feet to the westward came the muffled thunder of a forty-stamp mill running on low-grade ore.

As the train pulled out Pulver started toward the station. Near the door he met Ryder, the agent and day operator. The man's hands were full of mail and express packages, and he stared a moment at the unusual physical abundance of the new operator.

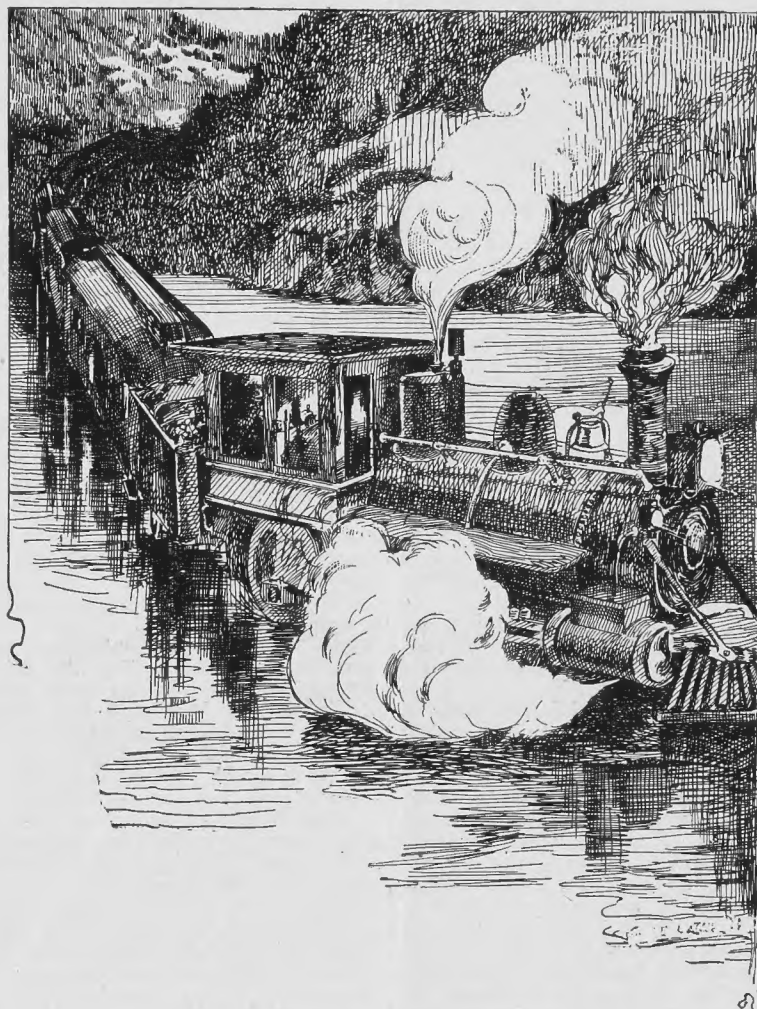
"Come in," he said, heartily. Pushing through the door, he glanced at the

little thermometer hanging against the jamb.

"Twenty-two below zero," he said; "be thirty by midnight. You'll have to keep the stoves humpin' or you'll freeze to-night."

"I'm used to it," said the young giant cheerfully; "cold weather and cold stations down in Idaho all right."

"Don't doubt it a bit," returned Ryder, throwing down the mail and small packages on the office table. "You can report Number 2 out O. T. if you will. Get y'r hand in; my fingers are about frozen. Dispatcher's call? It's P-C."



Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding, and swept upon the field of ice.

Our call is L-N. Let her slide."

Pulver sat down, and, with the nervousness of a new beginner, called the dispatcher and rather bunglingly gave the train report. Ryder apparently paid no attention as he sorted over the express bills. "Better tell him y'r here and will be on hand at seven," he grunted, which showed that his trained ear had missed nothing.

Pulver acted on the suggestion. When he had finished the message the dispatcher said: "Must be cold up there; your sending sounds like you were having a chill."

"I'm scart," said Pulver, and both he and Ryder laughed.

"That's Banks; he's always funning somebody," said the latter. "Well, soon as I get these bills entered I'll take you over to the house; night man usually boards with us; hotel's bad place for a man to try to sleep during daytime."

"Thank you. Yes, that's so. I'm expecting my mother up on Number 4 to-night. Perhaps you can't accommodate both of us?"

"Yes, we've got some extra room. Good idea to have your mother come.

If you can rent a little house and be by yourselves you'll be sure to get sleep. When I was a night man I used to think I'd go insane sometimes for want of sleep, rooming as most of the boys have to, at noisy boarding houses and hotels. Lots of accidents occur because night operators can't sleep during the daytime, and on that account fall asleep at night and let trains go by, and that sort of thing."

"Yes, I don't doubt it."

At seven o'clock Pulver felt responsibility descend upon him, the weighty task of preserving human lives and property. He felt it heavy and, to a degree, fearsome. Ceaseless vigilance must now meet the lurking dangers of the tracks. He promised himself to keep awake, to push back the seductive, crushing drowsiness of night, always keeping a clear mastery of himself.

At eight fifteen a freight went north, with engine laboring against the grade and cold wheels whining around the curves. They stopped at Langly, but an order from the dispatcher, written out by Pulver, took them to Borden, fif-

teen miles above, for a "wild." In due time the "wild" an engine pushing the flanger—a car rigged for cutting out and pushing back snow from the inside edge of the rails—tore by Langley, going south; then at ten thirty the down express, with its bustle of passengers; then eleven o'clock; then the cold and brooding silence of the night.

Pulver had the big cannon-stove in the passenger room, and the smaller one in the office, red hot. The telegraph instruments rattled in fits and starts. By times there was dead silence within. In these still spaces Pulver could hear the icy boards of the station platform pop with the frost, the contracted wires moaning and singing under the eaves of the building, and occasionally a curious lisping click from the stumpy steel bridge that crossed the creek.

Despite his resolution he began to feel drowsy, for he was young. There would arrive no train until two twenty—the Northern Express. A wild ore train was coming down, making for the smelting works at Salt Lake City. He had heard it reported from several stations up the track. The two trains might meet at Langly and the dispatcher

need him for orders. He roused himself and got up and went out on the platform for fresh air. He looked upward and abroad as he stood there. Stars glittered wondrously thick in the dark-blue gulf overhead; motes of frost, like floating specks of steel, glinted in the light falling from the window; the town sprawled in a gray jumble along the canon's base; the smoke from the stack of the stamp mill stood up straight in the still air like a black spire, crumbling slowly at the tip. Lapping over the northern mountains like wavering tongues of flame danced the frayed ends of aurora streamers. Pulver had never seen that sort of thing before. It touched him with awe. All was silent save the muffled thunder of the distant stamps battering in their mortars.

He drew in to the light of the window and glanced at his watch. It was one o'clock. As he turned toward the door a man came swiftly across the bridge, his breath a white smoke about his face, and, crossing the track and platform, pushed into the passenger-room with humped shoulders, wringing hands, and all his spare frame twitching with cold. He hovered almost against the red stove, spreading his hands and gasping in wheezing puffs.

"It's awful!" he asserted. "Everything closed up over town; even the saloons are froze out, and the Marshal's gone home."

Pulver opened the door of the throbbing stove with the poker; the red glow leaped against the stranger's face, showing it thin, purple, shaggy. His eyes looked big and glassy. His shabby clothes began to smoke with the heat, and he drew back, sighing audibly as his nipped and shrunken body drank in the grateful warmth.

"Can I stay in here till morning?" he asked. "I'm out of money, a sort of—of tramp. I s'pose; but I'm not well, and when I get a job there is a—a reason why I can't keep it."

"Certainly," said Pulver in a kindly tone; "it's all right; this is a public room."

"I'm an old-time operator," said the man, "but I'm rather on the bum of late; got weak lungs and—I s'pose I drink too much. But my lung trouble got me into that. Wish I could quit."

"Yes," said Pulver slowly, regarding him with a look of pity, "you ought to brace up and try to be a man again."

"I will be if—I get a chance."

Pulver entered the office and, glancing through the ticket window, saw the stranger sit down on one of the wooden settees, the back of his frowsy head against the wall, his peaked, scraggy chin in the air. A moment later sleep had lapped him in its delicious fleece.

Near two o'clock the dispatcher called Pulver and gave him an order to hold the south-bound ore train for orders, at the same time issuing an order to the conductor and engineer of the ore train to meet the Northern Express at Langly, instead of at Sutton, twelve miles south. When Pulver had repeated his personal order back to the dispatcher and had received the official "O. K.," he arose to turn the red light against the "wild." As he got out of his chair his face was turned toward the ticket window, and with a gasp and sudden up-flinging of his hands he staggered back almost to the wall. At the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black cloth, from which twin glittering eyes looked out through two round holes, and before which another and more appalling eye looked into Pulver's face—the inky opening in the end of a revolver barrel.

"Don't—don't shoot!" said Pulver. The words were a kind of dry whisper in his throat; his eyes were wide with terror.

"Open the door!" came in low tones from the head.

Pulver leaped to the door, but his fingers were not yet upon the catch of the spring lock when he stopped. A sort of shiver swept him from head to foot. What was he doing? The express safe stood in a corner of the office; there was money in the ticket drawer. Was he going to yield to another without a struggle that which had been placed in his keeping? He stood wavering an instant.

"Open this, will yeh?" growled the voice, now from the outer side of the door.

Pulver looked around for some object that he might lay hold of and use in defence. He stooped towards the iron poker lying by the stove, but as he bent a bullet crashed through a panel of the door, and like the rip of a hot knife cut through his left shoulder.

He straightened up with a gasp of rage, the piece of iron in his hand. He wrenched the door wide and leaped into the passenger-room. The robber was there with revolver leveled. In the instant of their meeting Pulver noted that the man was rather short in stature, but strongly fashioned; that a long coat covered him to the knees, with a fur cap pulled down solidly over his head, and that the black cloth mask blew out from his mouth with sudden startled breath. The thought had flown through Pulver's mind that this visitor would turn out to be the vagrant operator, but he was in error, for with the moment of Pulver's rush from the door the tramp rose from crouching behind the stove and leaped upon the back of the intruder, bringing his bony red wrists across the man's throat in a strangling clasp. The robber whirled and flung him off, and whipping the revolver around, fired. In the spurt of flame Pulver saw the tramp's horrified face gleam out, pitted and wrinkled with pain, as, whirling with the shock of the bullet, he rolled against the legs of one of the settees, a crumpled, motionless shape.

Pulver's jaw dropped as he looked at the broken figure. Then his teeth came together with a snap as he turned on the murderer. The barrel of the pistol was almost in his face, but he struck it aside and hurled the robber back, and, rushing in, struck with the iron rod with all his strength.

A bolt of lightning had been hardly more destructive. The man doubled under the blow and sank to the floor.

Pulver sprang back and stood teetering unevenly on the balls of his feet. No thought of the signal that should be turned against the wild ore train touched his mind. He had killed a man! The lights, the walls of the room, the stove, the most familiar things, looked strange. He turned about with heaving bosom and involuntarily ran into the office. As he crossed the threshold, the door leading into the big freight-room opened suddenly, and two men met him face to face. As with the first intruder, these two were masked with black face-cloths, and each wore a long coat. They were large men, and the excited glitter of their eyes in the holes of their masks was something gruesome and inhuman. Each held a pistol before him.

Unconsciously Pulver crouched down and backward, his hands quivering before his face, his lips opening with a cry.

"Hand me y'r keys!" demanded the taller of the two men; "shell 'em out quick!" He advanced on Pulver with gleaming eyes and pistol presented.

Had the men been habited in everyday dress, with uncovered faces, it is possible Pulver would have submitted. Appearing monstrous, evil and strange, as they did, he instinctively felt that frenzied impulse to destroy them which one sometimes has when confronted by a poisonous reptile. From his cowering, crouching posture he leaped straight at the man's head. The leveled pistol exploded, but Pulver felt nothing; evidently the weapon was deflected by his swift movement; but the robber's hat and mask came off in Pulver's clutch and his dark head came forward nearly to the floor. To save himself from falling he rushed forward, and Pulver struck madly at the exposed back of his neck as he passed, but missed his aim. Instantly the man righted himself and cocked the pistol, but his companion was pushing in, hoarsely crying: "Don't shoot! Hold y'r fire, Bill! Some of the town folks'll be in here first thing ye know!" In the same breath he clasped Pulver about the body, pinioning the big youth's arms underneath, but with a quick surge the young fellow burst the man's hold and flung him backward against the wall and struck at his eyes with all his might.

His fist fell on the intruder's chest like a descending maul and sent a gasping grunt from his lips, but the taller robber had rendered the blow abortive. Catching Pulver about the ankles in the moment of his forward swing, he had jerked the youth's feet back, and Pulver, spinning around, crashed upon the floor. In a twinkling the two men leaped upon him, fairly crushing out his breath.

"Don't kill him, Bill; get the gag in his mouth!" panted the shorter man.

Pulver, dazed and stunned, was trying to struggle. He felt something crushed into his mouth, stifling, terrible. All the blood of his veins seemed boiling up and booming inside his skull. Strangely, in that moment of mental dimness and agony, he thought of his mother hastening toward him on the imperilled express; of the ore "wild" which must soon pass the station going southward to crash into her train; of the dispatcher's order to hold the "wild" until the express should arrive.

In the terror of the thought, in the maddening vision of wreck that swept through his mind, he got up with the two men hanging to him. Together they crashed back and forth across the little room, crushing the chairs, jostling against the stove, hurtling against the walls, with Pulver trying insanely to get to the signal lever. He could not speak for the choking thing tied in

lirium of mind he recognized and heeded but one thing; up from the south, a dozen miles away, he seemed to see the express rushing toward him like a burning star. He was to meet and stop it.

As he flew along the track he tore the stifling gag from his mouth, and the bitter air came into his throat like ice. At the south end of the switches, an eighth of a mile from the station, he came upon a hand-car standing on the rails. With a cry he stopped abruptly. From somewhere back in the gray darkness came the sound of running feet. He gave the car a push, sprang upon it, and threw his weight upon the handle-bar. The wheels began to burr and hum; the dull blur in his brain faded away, and in its stead came a keen, painful, burning, activity of mind, abnormal and strange, for by nature he was big and slow.

This car was the means by which the robbers had come to Langly, he told himself, and the means by which they had hoped to escape. They had stolen it from the section house, probably at Sutton. Some of the sectionmen's tools were still on the car; he felt them under his feet. Suddenly he threw back his head with a cry of joy. The switch and ice-house down at the marge of Sutton Lake! He had remarked them as he came up on the mail. If he could but gain the switch and throw it! With

signal lever. He had heard the dispatcher's order to Pulver, and now the roar of the approaching train came to his dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man; that's what he said," whispered the crawling figure. A red trail marked his progress. He was almost to the signal when the train burst across the switches, but gripped with mortal injury he tried in vain to lift himself to the lever. Again and again his trembling hands crept up the wall as he lay upon the floor, but each time slipped quivering down, and the "wild" went by, battering and pounding through a billow of clamorous sounds. To the man on the floor its roar was faint and far off, like the dreamy noise of falling waters. "Brace up—and—be—a—man," he breathed, trying to get his stiffening hands above the baseboard of the room; then, closing his fingers as if clutching the lever, he sighed and trembled and fell eternally still.

The engineer of the "wild" pushed back the frosted window of the cab and looked up at the signal as they flew by. The green light was on; the windows of the station were white with frost. He opened the throttle a notch wider, making for the meeting-point with the express at Sutton. He had feared he would find the red light turned against him, but now it was all right; they would reach home and wife and child the quicker at the distant division station! Thus with its crew ignorant of the tragedy and impending catastrophe the night held, the train went pouring down Langly Canon after Pulver.

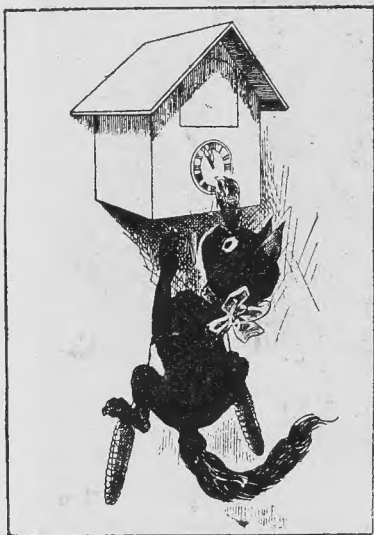
Poor fellow! As hard as man ever strove Pulver strove. Above him raced a glimmering storm of stars tangled with waving ribbons of the aurora; by him flashed the whirling walls of the canon—here snow-covered, bulging masses of stone, there streaked with black torrents of spruce and pine. He heard nothing save the noise of the car and the turmoil of his breath and blood in their labor, but he felt the ore train behind him. How soon would it overtake him? How soon would he plunge into the rushing front of the express? Would he be crushed between the trains? The questions were like spurning flames in his brain. He must now be half-way to the switch; it was five miles from Langly. His breath came hoarse and panting; he was dizzy with the swift rise and fall of his head above the working-bar; his throat was dry, and the icy air burned in it like fire. But onward and onward he flew, a disheveled figure, in his breast a tempest of haste.

He did not know surely just where the switch was, and he feared he might pass it, for all things glimmered about him; but it must be ahead, and he still drove down and lifted up the working-bar with all his power, praying God for help. Would the curves and windings of the track never cease? Was there no end? Ah, here it was—the long, black bulk of the ice-house stretching along the shore, and the broad steel-gray mirror of the frozen lake with the reflected aurora dabbling it as with fire! He set his foot hard on the brake, and reversed his push and pull on the bar. As the car stopped he leaped off, and, catching it by the hand-grips, threw the machine around and clear of the rails; then, half insane and laboring for breath, he rushed to the switch.

In a moment he was on his knees in the snow tearing wildly at the lock. How would he get it unfastened? He had no key! From southward came the dull roar of the express, following the long curve of the shore, and down Langly Canon came the muffled thunder of the hastening ore train. They would crash together before his eyes! From his lips burst a wild prayer, mingling the names of mother and God.

He glanced around at the impassive world imploringly, but the cold stars, the frozen lake, the black torrents of pines on the mountain-sides offered him nothing. Help came from within, or did that thought drop down from beyond the stars? With a cry he bounded over to the half-inverted car, and, raking his fingers through the snow, found a track-wrench. Springing back to the switch he thrust the handle of the wrench through the clutch of the

AS THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.



"I'll just climb up and see what's making all this noise!"



"Koo-koo!"

place with a knot at the back of his neck that filled his mouth; each of the robbers had gripped him fast by a wrist; he felt his heart would burst.

By times he carried his assailants nearly to the signal lever; his arms seemed being torn from their sockets. If he could but breathe freely! If he could only tell them! As he plunged and struggled the taller man snatched one of the revolvers from the floor. "Don't kill him, Bill; he's got to open the safe!" gulped the other between laboring breaths. "Look out!" Pulver had wrenched his right hand loose and had caught the taller man by the throat, bearing him backward toward the lever, but the pistol-butt suddenly came down upon the young fellow's head, sickening, deadly. Involuntarily they let go of him, and he staggered back and fell in pitiful fashion near the inner partition.

For a moment he lay quivering, his eyes upturned and twitching, then suddenly he grew still and looked straight at the men. The pupils of his eyes were dilated, and, though he stared hard at them, he seemed gazing at something far away. An instant later he bounded up like a steel spring released, and sprang through the door into the freight-room. He went over the boxes and barrels like a flying deer, and burst out upon the platform through the half-opened door at the south end of the great room. His dumbfounded assailants plunged after him, but he fled down the track like a melting shadow. In his semi-de-

something like madness he poured all his great strength into the wheels, and the car went humming down the long, sinuous grade, through the echoing groove of the canon.

Up near Langly Station his two pursuers had stopped. Pantingly the shorter one looked up toward the sky. Throbbing up the northern heaven and pulsing into the incomparable dome flowed the filmy, ghostly streamers of the aurora. By times these burned red through all their gauzy webs, again died away pale and flickering, then gushed upward, radiant, indescribable.

"Look at that, Bill!" whispered the one who first saw the vision.

The other looked, and ended the stare with an oath.

"It's nothing but Northern Lights," he growled, but his bravado had in it a note of awe. "Let's get the ticket money and skip," he said. "Where do yeh s'pose Jim is? Heard 'im shoot, but seen nothing of 'im since."

"Don't know. Listen! There's a train comin' from the north! Let's get out of this, Bill!" They ran across the tracks, and, entering the road that bordered the ridges, disappeared in the gloom.

Truly a train was coming. Down the main defile, roaring through the silence of the night, came the ore "wild." Inside the station a poor soul was making life's last effort—a supreme struggle to do a deed worthy of man. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the tramp operator was dragging himself toward the

lock and tore the mechanism to pieces. Wrenching the shattered parts away, he pulled the pin and threw his shoulder against the lever. But it would not yield!

Then arrived the moment when he was as one who had ceased to be of mortal strength. A kind of insanity of power came upon him. The siding was covered with snow, the sides of the switch were clogged with frost, yet little by little he drove the lever around, hearing his tendons tear, his joints grind and crack, and seeing all the air grow full of rolling disks of red, while nearer and nearer swept the clamor of steam and wheels from the south, and down Langly Gorge rolled an increasing thunder.

Wildly crushing his breast and shoulders against the lever, he heaved and strained, and struck it great blows with the full weight of his body crying out gaspingly to his Maker. The express seemed not fifty feet away when the lever came round to the pinhole and he thrust the iron in. Terrible and mighty the engine burst upon him, whirling its string of lighted coaches along the rails. With a deafening crunch of frost, a roar of the whistle for brakes, and the chug and tearing of reversed drivers, the train swept, curving and rocking, upon the siding. There would be no cars there for loading until June; the ice was thirty inches thick; on the morrow men would begin cutting. It was delightful destiny.

Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding and swept upon the field of ice. From the wheels spurted a showering sheet of white; a cloud of steam burst up about the engine from the fire-box; then the train stopped, a hundred feet from shore, but as secure as if standing upon a floor of armor-plate.

Passengers and crew swarmed down upon the solid blue field, and there was shouting and dismay. No man could understand it, but a glimmer of the night's tragedy dawned upon the conductor and others when they turned back to the switch and found a young fellow, battered and bleeding, lying insensible at the base of the target. Five hundred feet southward stood the ore "wild."

"Who is he, anyway?" cried the conductor. "Great Scott, what a close call for us!" He was kneeling in the snow and had Pulver's battered head on his breast.

"Let me get to the signal! Throw the red light for the 'wild!'" suddenly shouted Pulver, leaping to his feet.

Despite the strong hands that were upon him, he stripped himself loose. Then he stopped and looked around curiously—a wounded, pitiful figure. He saw the passenger train, lighted and glowing, standing out on the aurora-tinted mirror of ice, he heard the ore "wild" backing up to give assistance, then suddenly a little woman came from the crowd and put her arms about him with a tender cry, and gazing down upon her face he said "Mother!" and burst into laughing tears. — Saturday Evening Post.

"Is your wife a Conservative or a Reformer?" asked one citizen of another the morning of the late election.

"She's neither," was the prompt reply; and then glancing cautiously around and sinking his voice to a whisper, he continued, "She is a Home Ruler."

Small boy and a hoe—"Say, pa, the fish are biting like everything down in the creek."

"Well, sonny, you jist keep on hoeing potatoes, and they won't bite you."

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Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont.
Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Phonograph Singers.

An odd occupation is that of singing to a phonograph — singing where no plaudits welcome, no evidence of attention encourages, no hush evinces an audience in the spell of delight, or hearts swayed by emotion; no outburst to tell the artist of triumph won; no bowing right and left to rapturous applause, and no bouquets. Only an unresponsive machine, which makes no sound or sign either of approval or disapproval, which has no joy in swelling note, rich tone or exquisite phrasing; but yet records alike unerringly the singers' merits and defects. A performance quite foreign to the musicians' province, as impersonal as an unsigned article. Nevertheless, many singers sing to the phonograph. If there is no glory in it, no gain of reputation or pleasure of showered plaudits, it is lucrative.

Any of these fine days when the windows are wide open the traveller on the Valley road round West Orange, passing the Edison works, is sent refreshed on his way by some melodious turn or bit of sentiment embalmed in tone, which come from where a phonograph is taking records. Not infrequently the singing is so good that it arrests the wayfarer and keeps him to the end of the song. For no mere bawler is employed in this field. Even the mighty in the realms of song have condescended to pour their precious notes into the re-

facing the phonograph. They must be taught how to pose the head. Many records are spoiled in this training.

Furthermore, the artist must be in perfect voice; there must be no trace of hoarseness, no nasal quality, or other defect or the record is useless. The machine has been brought to such a degree of perfection that it makes note of every slightest sound, or lack of sound. A singer before an audience may excuse his hoarseness, and find sympathy; the audience will take his best and, probably, enjoy it in some degree. But the phonograph accepts no excuses. It gives back the hoarseness as it hears it. The reproduction is ridiculous and entirely marred. A record that is flawed must be discarded. On the other hand, the excellences of music are reproduced in their degree. If the poor singing is ridiculous, the good is given back with no loss of richness or beauty of tone, or fineness of phrasing.

Various is the compensation of phonograph singers; but all, even the poorest, are well paid. The fact is, no poor singer need apply here. The phonograph manufacturers carry a staff of men and women on their books, but all must be trained in the art of voice expression. An untrained singer would spoil too many records, and his best would not be worth much in phonograph entertainment.

Nor can these artists be constantly employed. An hour is about an much



A PARLIAMENTARY CARTOON.—Rushing a bill through the House.

ceiving horn, to unload their treasures at a mill whose grist will be ground for the delight of ages when the voices of the singers are dumb.

It may be sweet to hear the voice outside; the footsore traveller may be held by its cadences and neglect for a while his journey in the hot road. But it is not beautiful or edifying to see the singer at the phonograph. A stranger's wonder would likely be excited by his antics. The singer takes his stand at a certain distance from the mouth of the horn and begins.

Now he throws back his head, now thrusts it forward, now poises it this way and now that. All this would look ridiculous to an audience, but is necessary before the phonograph. The force of the note must be accommodated to the machine. If the composition calls for unusual force in propulsion, the singer must hold his head back so that his voice may not strike the diaphragm of the phonograph too violently; if, on the contrary, the music is soft and gentle, the head must be brought nearer the receiving horn, so as to make the due impression on the wax. This sort of music calls for one adjustment of the head, that, for another. Moreover, the distance must be just right. This varies according to the size of the machine. But the phonograph singer, like the baseball player, and the horse jockey, must be an exact judge of distance.

As a rule singers who are practised in their art know what is needed. They acquire an instinctive sense of the force of sound in platform performances; yet all have to undergo some training before

as an ordinary voice can bear. The wear and tear of longer singing would soon mar the finest voice.—New York Mail and Express.

A Boy on Anatomy.

The following heretofore unheard of information in regard to breath and breathing was made public in Kentucky by a school boy of 12 years, who wrote an essay on the subject: "We breath with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die while we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breath. They should wait until they get out into the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dogs. Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is best for the right kind of breathing."—From Medical Classics.

"I'm trying to get some information about a friend of mine named Fox, who came out here," said the stranger from the east. "They tell me he died or some throat trouble."

"I guess that's about right," replied the cowboy.

"What was it? Bronchitis?"

"Bronchitis? That's a new one on me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a bronco."

Honors for the Royal Cattle Spice at the New Westminster, B. C., Exhibition.

Myers & Company, of United States and England, manufacturers of Royal Cattle Spice, whose American headquarters and works are located at Niagara Falls, N. Y., have recently received the diploma which their exhibits won at the successful Provincial exhibition at New Westminster, British Columbia, last fall. The diploma is for two first prizes which that firm won on their exhibits of Royal Horse and Cattle Spice and Royal Poultry Spice against all comers at the exhibition for excellence, purity and quality.

Only one award was given in the competition in which Myers & Company competed and this makes their acquisition more valuable and a natural reason why Myers & Company should feel very proud of the honor.

By no means are the recent awards the first that Myers & Company have secured, for the firm has a reputation of turning out the best food of their trade in the world, and honors have been frequent.

In 1872 the firm won medals at the Rochdale Exposition, in 1874 at Middleton, in 1879 at York, in 1884 at Nice, in 1888 at Brussels.

Myers & Company, before coming to the United States, did business in Canada, coming to the United States and locating at Niagara Falls a few years ago. Mr. Thomas Myers is the inventor of the spice.

When such men as Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, and Hon. Wm. Mulock, Postmaster-General of Canada, and many prominent Canadian stockmen, take the trouble to personally write their ideas as to the quality of this old English spice for horses and cattle, as made by Myers & Company, it is, we think, a sufficient testimony of the reliability of doing business with the oldest house of its kind in the world, and in this way avoiding purchasing fake goods, which are so numerous in the market.

They Thought It Was a Coin-Slot Phonograph.

They had been doing the Tenderloin and were not able to walk very rapidly, so they stopped now and then to get breath. One was a tall, thin German and the other was a short, stout Swede. When they made a stop at Seventh avenue and Forty-fifth street, the Swede spied an iron box with a crank attached to it.

"Aye tank ve smoke some chewing gum," he said.

"Dot is not for chewing gum," said the German; "dot is for moosick mit a penny in der slot machine."

"Aye tank mebbe it been drop a nickels for candy," argued the Swede.

"No," said the German, "it vere for moosick. I vill a cent drop und ve vill hear Sultzter's band play somet'ing."

"Aye tank ve turn the handle first," said the Swede.

"Dot is der crank," exclaimed the German. "Ven you could speech English like me you could read dot sign dot you must der crank turn after. Dot is not a handle."

The Swede dropped a cent in the slot and the German turned the crank. Then a puff of wind came from the end of an iron pipe. The Swede took a turn at the crank and the German got a puff of wind. Then they braced against each other and looked sideways at the slot machine.

"Aye tank dot been a swindle," said the Swede.

"Ve could had dot machine arrested," said the German.

A policeman came along and explained that the slot machine was a bicycle pump. The Swede looked at the German in disgust and said:

"Aye tank you can't read English too. Only we get wind for our money. Come, ve have yet one more drink."

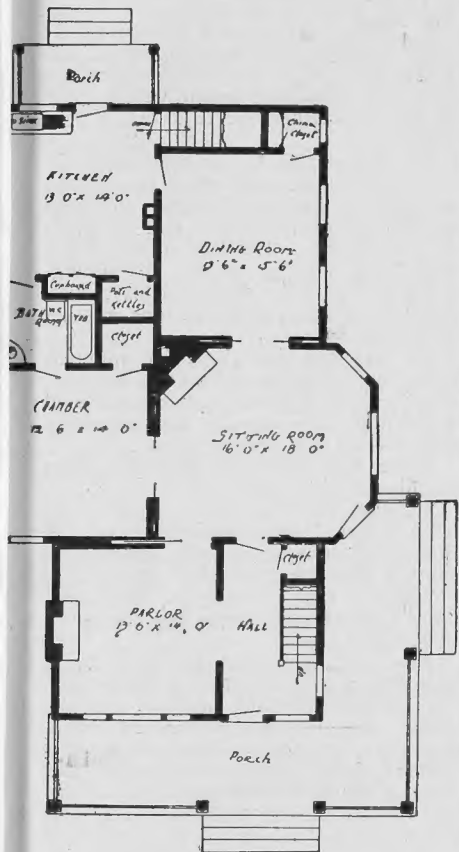
To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.

Cosy Home Dept.

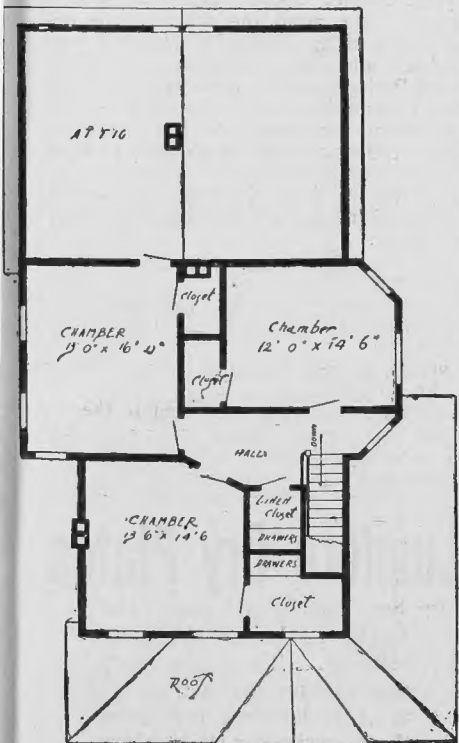
By looking at the perspective view of design number 19, it will be seen that this is a very handsome, though modest appearing residence. Having a porch on the front and a portion of one side gives it a very fine appearance, besides

house it always leaves one place ready for occupancy.

The arrangement of the rooms is very good. We do not take the architect's word for this altogether, but it bears investigation. The bath-room is down-stairs, next to the down-stairs sleeping-room. The arrangement of these rooms makes it a complete, cosy home. It will be seen that the doors are so arranged that one can go from the kitchen through the bath-room into the sleeping-room, and this sleeping-room is also accessible from the sitting-room, or living room, as it probably would be more properly called. For the most part these rooms are square, which is always a great thing with the housewife, although it does not always give as good an appearance to the outside as the one that is portrayed here. For instance, the sitting-room has only one square corner. This is not the inconvenience



the comfort there is in having a porch. There perhaps might be a word more said on this porch question, as almost everyone knows, who has a small one in connection with his house, that when



it is only on one side or one end of the house there are a good many times when it cannot be used on account of the relative position which it occupies to the sun. In having it on two sides of a

that it once was when carpets were made and fitted to the rooms, rugs being now preferred, and the corners seldom carpeted. This not only makes a handsomer room from the inside, but it adds to the appearance of the house.

The expense of building this house would be about \$2,300. This is seemingly a low price for a house of eight rooms, but it must be taken into consideration that the price does not take care of the plumbing in the house. The plumbing would probably cost \$150.

The size of the house is 32 feet in width by 52 feet in length, exclusive of porches. The blue prints—which can be had from The Western Home Monthly for \$5.00 per set—consist of cellar and foundation plans, first and second floor plans, front, rear and two side elevations, wall sections, and all necessary interior detail. Accompanying the blue prints is a complete set of typewritten specifications.

The specifications call for all good material. Of course, it is not to be of the most expensive kind, but it is to be good of the kind specified. There is supposed to be nothing shoddy about

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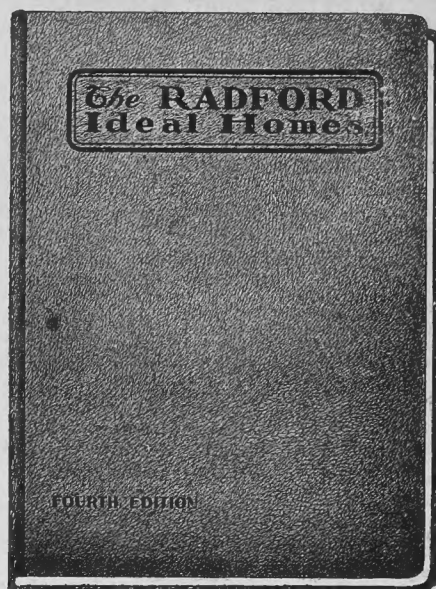
If so, you should have a copy of the

IDEAL HOMES.

This handsome cloth-bound book contains 72 pp., is 8½ by 10½ inches in size, and illustrates 56 designs of medium-priced houses, besides plans for four good sensible barns. Thirty-four of these houses range in cost from \$500 to \$1,500, the others from \$1,550 up. The regular price of this book is 50c., but we have made a special arrangement whereby we can offer The Western Home Monthly and this handsomely illustrated book of house plans for 75c.

Make remittance by post office or express order to

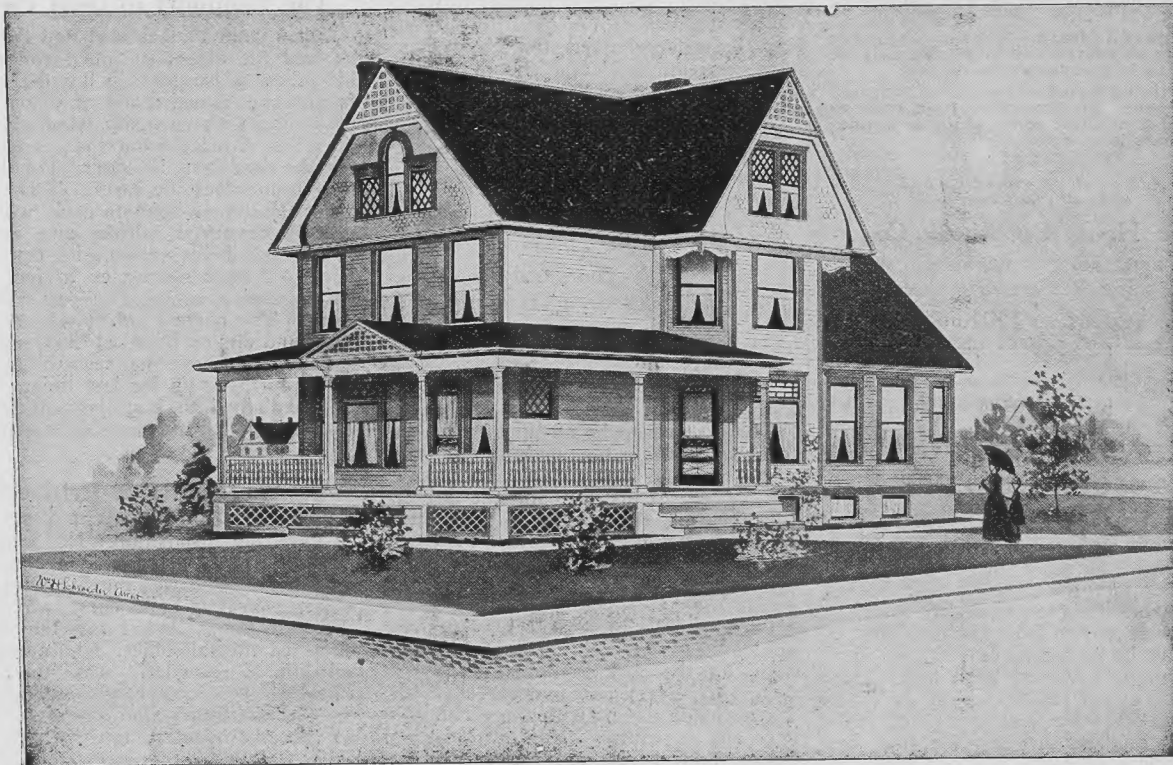
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
Stovel Building,
WINNIPEG, MAN.



these houses, either in the material used or in the manner of construction. Windows and doors used are all to be stock sizes, and can be had of anyone who handles a regular stock of sash and doors. This is a great saving over the way that some architects have of specifying how they will build a house and have all the doors and windows odd sizes. These would have to be made

Puzzled the German.

A firm of agricultural machine makers in America, recently issued some new show cards representing the Goddess of Liberty, in scanty attire, driving a mowing machine drawn by Bengal tigers. They sent a large number of them to their Berlin agent, but adver-



Design No. 19.

specially and would cost several times more than stock sizes, which are made in the large factories by the thousand.

Vaccinated This Burglar.

William Carl walked into a quarantined apartment house in New York the other day and filled his pocket with rings and gems. There had been small-pox in the house and two board of health doctors were in charge of the building. They found the burglar at work and before turning him over to the authorities they vaccinated him. When three detectives arrived at the house the board of health doctors would not let them out of the building until they submitted to vaccination. The prisoner and detectives appeared together in police court with swollen arms.

Little Beth had never before seen a skimmer. "My!" he exclaimed, "who ever saw such a moth-eaten dipper as that?"

tising art had no charms for that gentleman, as is shown by the following amusing letter of protest which he addressed to his employers:

"The picture of your admirable machines, of which I the receipt of 10,000 acknowledge, is not useful in this country, and it is of much regret to me that I request to return them permission. The women of our country, when by circumstances to do agricultural work compelled, do not dress as your picture shows is the custom in your wonderful country, and would not deem such garments with modesty to consist. Also, we do not tigers for draught purposes cultivate, they not being to the country native, nor in our experience for such work well suited. I have to my customers explained with earnestness that your picture is a sinnbild (allegory), and does not mean that your admirable machine should be operated by women too little clothed, nor is it necessary that the place of horses shall be animals from the Zoologischer Garten be taken. I cannot use them as you instruct, and your further advices respectfully await."—The Agricultural Engineer.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

A Family Journal devoted to all that appeals to the Home.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.,
STOVEL BUILDING, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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The Home Publishing Co.,
STOVEL BUILDING. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

MAY, 1901.

10c.

The Western Home Monthly will be sent for three months—a trial trip to new subscribers.

TO OUR READERS.

It is our ambition to make The Western Home Monthly the representative publication of the great middle classes, a magazine designed especially for those who dwell remote from business centres. We have by no means reached our ideal. We cannot, however, hope to earn the approval of our readers unless we secure their co-operation and assistance. We regard our subscribers as our best friends and advisers, and our aim is to give them a better "Home Monthly" each month, one that will be more interesting as well as more helpful. There are two ways in which you can aid us. One is by writing a letter to the publishers telling them exactly what you think of the "Monthly," and answering the following questions: Do you prefer serials to short stories? Are the departments interesting and do they contain suggestions that are of practical value to you? Are there any new departments you would like to see added? Could any of the departments be omitted? Do you like illustrated articles? In short, write a full, frank letter, telling exactly what you would put in "The Western Home Monthly" if you were the editor. Do not hesitate to criticize, and do not be backward about making suggestions. Your letter will help the publishers much more than you think in their efforts to make "The Western Home Monthly" a magazine "for the people."

Then, there is another way in which you can help us, and that is by assisting us to increase our circulation. The greater the number of subscribers, the more money we can put into the magazine. It costs no more for stories, illustrations, etc., for a run of 60,000 than it does for 30,000; it costs no more to

set the type; in fact there are a great many things in the making of a magazine like "The Western Home Monthly" which cost "so much and no more," no matter what number of copies we print. The larger the circulation, the greater the saving. This saving we will not count as profit, but will spend it for the improvement of the magazine. So you see that doubling the subscription list would mean much to our readers.

If you will help us to do this, we will make it well worth your while to devote your time to this work. We cannot hope that every subscriber and every reader will start out and get a club of twenty or thirty subscribers, but is it asking too much when we request each subscriber to secure just one new name? This would double our circulation in a very short time.

NAME WANTED.

If the person at Hartney, Man., who sent us three original puzzles and answers for publication, will send us his or her name, we will send "The Western Home Monthly" for one year as agreed. No name was attached to the letter.

APPRECIATIVE.

Hargrave, Man., May 3, 1901.

To The Western Home Monthly.

Dear Editor:—I must give you great credit for the style and manner in which "The Western Home Monthly" is got up. It is very interesting, and every man, woman and child should read it. I always look forward for the next number. I am glad to see a column for "Cooking Recipes." We learn quite a lot from papers in that way; also the column for "In the Home." Wishing you great success for your monthly journal,

Believe me,

Yours truly,

N. L. HITCHINS.

"That Nothing be Wasted."

There seems to be no limit to the fun to be had with a phonograph. One man writes that he has a perfect record of the barking of his dog, and the dog enjoys hearing the record play as much as his master does. Another man tells that he has successfully taken the crowing of his Brahma rooster. This reminds me of the story now going the rounds in the newspapers—perhaps you've heard it—concerning the economics of the pork packing industry in Chicago. Every part and parcel of Mr. Pig is made use of with the greatest of care and ingenuity. Not only slabs of bacon and hams and spare ribs, but sausage casings, collar buttons, brushes, fertilizers and what not. Even the dying squeals, heretofore wasted on the midnight air, are now preserved on phonograph cylinders. It may be only a story, but it shows the modern tendency of manufacturers to utilize every by-product.—The Phonogram.

In a certain parish near Dumfries a newly-made elder was summoned to the sick bed of a parishioner. Being a very bashful man, he was in great anxiety as to the "prayer he wad hae tae pit up," and altogether he wished to avoid going. However, he was persuaded by his wife, and started on his errand. On his return his wife greeted him with the query: "And hoo did ye get on, William?" The elder's face beamed with joy as he answered: "Oh, grand! He was deid!"

An exchange tells of a little girl who sent fifteen cents to a Chicago firm advertising a "recipe for softening and whitening the hands." The answer was—"Soak them well in dishwater three times a day while your mother rests."

What is most likely to become a woman? Answer—A little girl.

Anecdotes Of Celebrities.

True to His Theory.

A pretty story of Count Tolstoi, illustrating the thoroughness with which he carries out his doctrine of non-resistance, is told by a correspondent. Some time ago he was the victim of a journalist whom the Count asked to visit his country house and who put him under a prolonged and ruthless examination. At last the visitor came to an end, and the gentle sufferer saw his questioner into the carriage. As the parting greetings were being exchanged, the guest hinted that after all he had not learned everything he wanted to know. "Then you must come into the house and stay another day with us," was the Count's reply, and he would take no denial.

Fond of Exercise.

President McKinley is a very good walker, and usually tires out those who accompany him. He strides along with a swing and carries himself very erect. He takes long, measured steps, and is quick and active on his feet. The President usually walks three miles out from his residence every day.

The Economy of Oom Paul.

When Oom Paul first visited England, he was the object of much concern to his fellow-passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner-table for the first four days out. On inquiry they found that the careful Transvaaler spent the dinner hour on deck, where he eagerly devoured biltong and biscuits. When asked his reason, he testily replied, "I have no money to fool away on expensive eating like you Englishmen." The correspondent who tells the story and was on board at the time adds: "You should have just seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money included his meals on board."

An Inquiring Prince.

Little Prince Edward of York is of an inquiring disposition. Not long ago, so it is said, he was taken over a great man-of-war, and was much interested in a large, heavily-built chest which was shown to him. "What does that hold?" he asked the tall officer who accompanied him. "Powder," was the reply. The little boy looked sympathetically at the stalwart figure, and observed, "Then do you take powders, too?"

Liked a Dish of Bow-Wow.

There is a good story told of one of Li Hung Chang's secretaries who accompanied the Chinese potentate on his European trip a year or two ago. He happened to be in Leeds, and went into a restaurant. One of the dishes set before him he enjoyed greatly, and took it to be a "bow-wow" served in English fashion. He was not well acquainted with the native language, but, pointing with his knife to the dish, he said to the waiter, "Bow-wow?" "No," said the attendant gravely, "quack-quack."

Madame Patti Always Nervous.

Adelina Patti recently celebrated the anniversary of the day on which, forty-one years ago, she made her debut in opera. Since then Mme. Patti has sung all over the world and has amassed one of the largest fortunes ever made by a singer. Her first appearance was at a charity concert as a child of seven, and her first salary as an operatic singer was \$100 a week. She now receives \$2,500 for each provincial engagement and \$4,200 every time she appears in London. It is odd to read in one of Mme. Patti's letters that she is extremely nervous.

"Even the appearance of my name on the bills," she once wrote, "makes me nervous, and throughout the performance I feel strangely agitated."

Illegal to Sell Pictures.

Prince Chigi, a Roman noble, sold a Madonna by Botticelli to an English dealer last winter for sixty thousand dollars. To sell art treasures out of Italy, without the permission of the government is contrary to law. The prince was accordingly prosecuted and ordered to pay to the government the price he received for the picture.

Got Ample Satisfaction.

On the cars coming to B— was a stalwart man, going to W— to buy goods. He was not what might be called a stingy or close man, but he was a man who when there was a cent due him that swindling might deprive him of would sacrifice \$50 to save the copper.

He had started in the morning without any breakfast, and when E— hove in sight he gathered himself up for a general skirmish for any and all kinds of provisions. He had a carpet-bag with him, and, going into the dining-room at E—, he deposited his carpet-bag on one chair, while he took another at its side.

He was lost for about ten minutes, perfectly oblivious to everything save that he had a blessed consciousness of something very rapidly and agreeably replenishing his inward man.

About this time the landlord came round and ejaculated:

"Dollar, sir!"

"A dollar!" responded the eater. "A dollar! I thought you only charged 50 cents a meal for one? Isn't that so?"

"That's true," answered Meanness, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat."

Now, the table was far from being crowded, and the gentleman expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth, paid over, and the receiver passed on.

Our victim deliberately rose, and opening the carpet-bag to the full extent of its wide mouth, addressed it as follows:

"Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual, a human individual, since you eat—at least, I've paid for your eating, and now you must eat!"

Upon this he seized everything eatable that was carriable within reach—nuts, raisins, apples, cakes and crust pies—and, amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went out and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to W— after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least \$5 worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit.

Millionaire (showing his library to distinguished novelist)—"See them books?"

Distinguished Novelist—"Yes."

M.—"All bound in calf, ain't they?"

D. N.—"So they are!"

M. (proudly)—"Well, sir, I killed all them calves myself."

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SKIPPER

(Being the Biography of a
Blue Ribboner)

BY SEWELL FORD.



For half an hour at a time he would stand just on the edge of the roadway.



At the age of six Skipper went on the force. Clean of limb and sound of wind he was, with not a blemish from the tip of his black tail to the end of his crinkly forelock. He had been broken to saddle by a Green Mountain boy who knew more of horse nature than of the trashy things

written in books. He gave Skipper kind words and an occasional friendly pat on the flank. So Skipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting one.

This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses, all windows and full of people, come rushing down the street with a fearful whirr and clank of bell, he wanted to bolt. But the man on his back spoke in an easy calm voice, saying, "So-o-o! There, me b'y. Aisy wid ye. So-o-o!" which was excellent advice, for the queer contrivance whizzed by and did him no harm. In a week he could watch one without even pricking up his ears.

It was strange work Skipper had been brought to the city to do. As a colt he had seen horses dragging ploughs, pulling big loads of hay and hitched to many kinds of vehicles. He himself had drawn a light buggy and thought it good fun, though you did have to keep your heels down and trot instead of canter. He had liked best to lope off with the boy on his back, down to the Corners, where the store was.

But here there were no ploughs, nor hay-carts, nor mowing-machines. There were many heavy wagons, it was true, but these were all drawn by stocky Percherons and big western greys or stout Canada blacks who seemed fully equal to the task.

Also there were carriages—my, what shiny carriages! And what smart, sleek-looking horses drew them. And how high they did hold their heads and how they did throw their feet about—just as if they were dancing on eggs. "Proud, stuck-up things," thought Skipper.

It was clear that none of this work was for him. Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two names. One was Officer

Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was "Reddy." That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy on the farm had done that, and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't you felt the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other

things. Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-a-ap." Here they said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop, by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through the park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there,

you could know that by the coat of arms in yellow brass on his saddle blanket.

For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it, motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, their pad-housings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle-horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was! But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is, almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could

not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent-up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual thing.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

During the early morning hours, when there were few people in the park, Skipper's education progressed. He learned to pace around in a circle, lifting each forefoot with a sway of the body and a pawing movement which was quite rhythmical. He learned to



He learned to box with his nose.

box with his nose. He learned to walk sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a glove, dropped apparently by accident. There was always a sugar-plum or a sweet cracker in the glove, which he got when Reddy stopped and Skipper, poking his nose over his shoulder, let the glove fall into his hands.

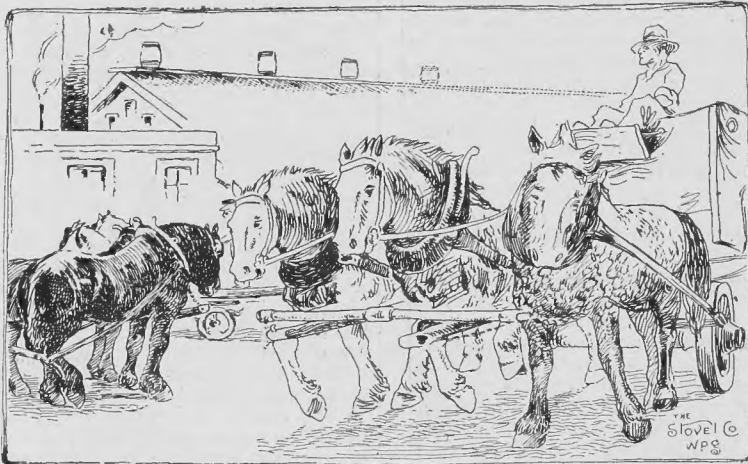
As he became more accomplished he noticed that "Reddy" took more pains with his toilet. Every morning Skipper's coat was curried and brushed and rubbed with chamois until it shone almost as if it had been varnished. His fetlocks were carefully trimmed, a ribbon braided into his forelock, and his hoofs polished as brightly as Reddy's boots. Then there were apples and carrots and other delicacies which Reddy brought him.

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the Sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the Horse Show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

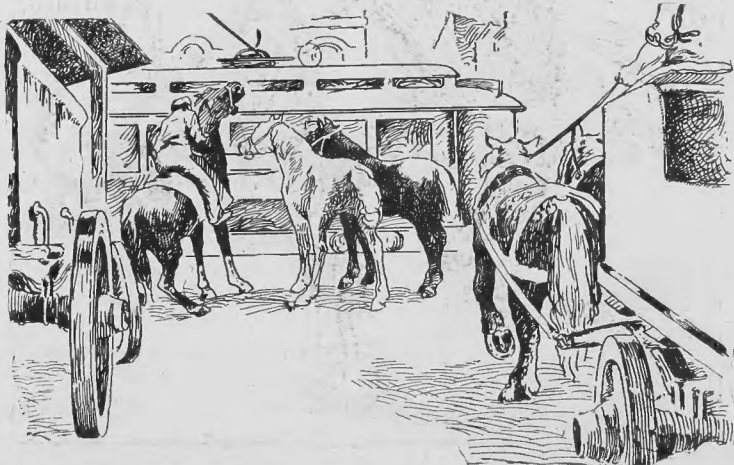
"Sure an' it's app-ar-in' before all the swells in town you'll be, me b'y. Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad; an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him. But he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly, and soon felt at ease on the tan-bark.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move



There were many heavy wagons.



He wanted to bolt.



Drove him to a big down town market.

around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half-dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the centre of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt-front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. He was patted on the nose by the Mayor. The Chief, who was a bigger man than the Mayor, came up especially to look at him. In the park Skipper did his tricks every day for ladies in fine dress who exclaimed, "How perfectly wonderful!" as well as for pretty nursemaids who giggled and said, "Now did you ever see the likes o' that, Norah?"

And then came the spavin. Ah, but



He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind.

that was the beginning of the end! Were you ever spavined? If so, you know all about it. If you haven't, there's no use trying to tell you. Rheumatism. Well, that may be bad; but a spavin is worse.

For three weeks Reddy rubbed the lump on the hock with stuff from a brown bottle, and hid it from the inspector. Then, one black morning, it was discovered. That day Skipper did not go out on post. Reddy came into the stall, put his arm around his neck and said "Good-by" in a voice that Skipper had never heard him use before. Something had made it thick and husky. Very sadly Skipper saw him saddle one of the new-comers and go out for duty.

Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind—except the right kind. Each one had his own peculiar "out," although you couldn't always tell what it was at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He was led out before a lot of men in a big ring. A man on a box shouted out a number, and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle-horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear it.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb, and was not only trained to the saddle but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay gelding of this description.

Someone on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a lap-robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said, "Twenty," another man said, "Twenty-five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed:

"Thutty - thutty - thutty - thutty—do I hear the five. Thutty - thutty - thutty - thutty—will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red-faced man who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thutty-five" a good many times and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around: "Are you all done? Thirty-five—once. Thirty-five—twice. Third—and last call—sold, for thirty-five dollars!"

When Skipper heard this he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue-ribboner and the pride of the force it is sad to be "knocked down" for thirty-five.

The next year of Skipper's life was a dark one. We will not linger over it. The red-faced man who led him away was a grocer. He put Skipper in the

shafts of a heavy wagon very early every morning and drove him a long ways through the city to a big downtown market where men in long frocks shouted and handled boxes and barrels. When the wagon was heavily loaded the red-faced man drove him back to the store. Then a tow-haired boy, who jerked viciously on the lines and was fond of using the whip, drove him recklessly about the streets and avenues.

But one day the tow-haired boy pulled the near rein too hard while rounding a corner and a wheel was smashed against a lamp-post. The tow-haired boy was sent head first into an ash-barrel, and Skipper, rather startled at the occurrence, took a little run down the avenue, strewing the pavement with eggs, sugar, canned corn, celery and other assorted groceries.

Perhaps this was why the grocer sold him. Skipper pulled a cart through the flat-house district for a while after that. On the seat of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared: "A-a-a-puls! Nice a-a-a-puls! A whole lot fer a quarter!"

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even the cab-horses, on whom he used to look with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper stood it as long as possible and then one day, while the apple fakir was standing on the back step of the cart shouting things at a woman who was leaning half way out of a fourth-story window, he bolted. He distributed that load of apples over four blocks, much to the profit of the street children, and he wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the fakir beat him with a piece of the wreckage until a blue-coated officer threatened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and sun-bleached, like the tip end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper wondered to what use this man would put him. He feared the worst.

Far up through the city the man took him and out on a broad avenue where there were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge billboards. Behind one of these sign-plastered barriers Skipper found his new home. The bottom of the lot was more than twenty feet below the street level. In the centre of a waste of rocks, ash heaps, and dead weeds tottered a group of shanties, strangely made of odds and ends. The walls were partly of mud-chinked rocks and partly of wood. The

roofs were patched with strips of rusty tin held in place by stones.

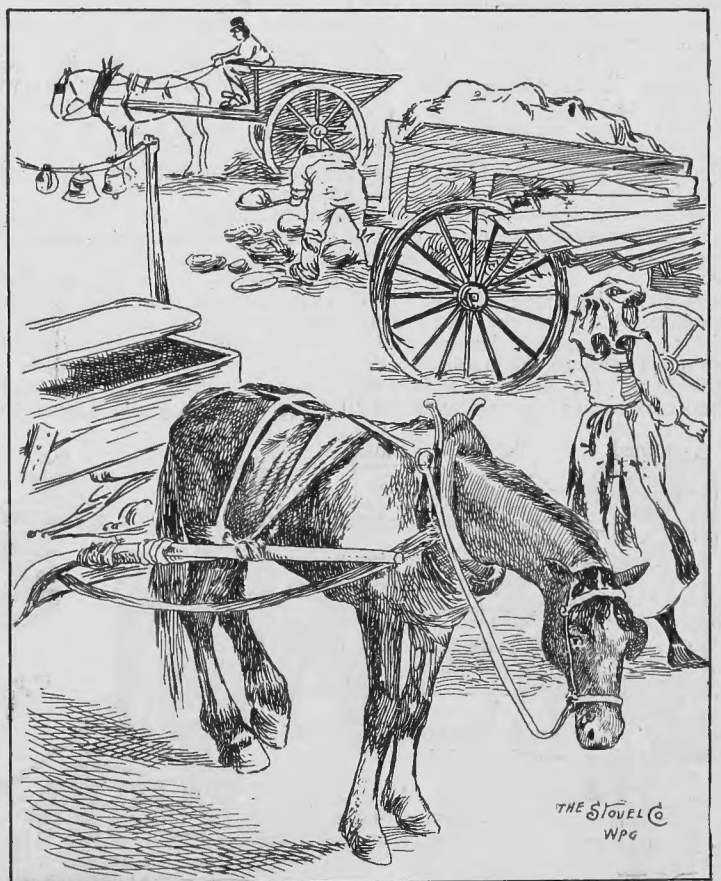
Into one of these shanties, just tall enough for Skipper to enter and no more, the horse that had been the pride



of the mounted park police was driven with a kick as a greeting. Skipper noted first that there was no feed-box and no hay-rick. Then he saw, or rather felt—for the only light came through cracks in the walls—that there was no floor. His nostrils told him that the drainage was bad. Skipper sighed as he thought of the clean, sweet straw which Reddy used to change in his stall every night.

But when you have a lump on your leg—a lump that throbs, throbs, throbs with pain, whether you stand still or lie down—you do not think much on other things.

Supper was late in coming to Skipper that night. He was almost starved when it was served. And such a supper! What do you think? Hay? Yes, but marsh hay; the dry, tasteless stuff they use for bedding in cheap stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh. Oats? Not a sign of an oat. But with the hay there were a few potato-peelings. Skipper nosed them out and nibbled the marsh hay. The rest he pawed back under him, for the whole had been thrown at his feet. Then he dropped on the ill-smelling ground and went to sleep to dream that he had been turned into a forty-acre field of clover, while a dozen brass



For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart.

bands played a waltz and multitudes of people looked on and cheered.

In the morning more salt hay was thrown to him and water was brought in a dirty pail. Then, without a stroke of brush or curry-comb he was led out. When he saw the wagon to which he was to be hitched Skipper hung his head. He had reached the bottom. It was unpainted and rickety as to body and frame, the wheels were unmated and dished, while the shafts were spliced and wound with wire.

But worst of all was the string of bells suspended from two uprights above the seat. When Skipper saw these he knew he had fallen low indeed. He had become the horse of a wandering junkman. The next step in his career, as he well knew, would be the glue-factory and the bone-yard. Now when a horse has lived for twenty years or so, it is sad enough to face these things. But at eight years to see the glue factory close at hand is enough to make a horse wish he had never been foaled.

For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart, with its hateful jangle of bells, about the city streets and suburban roads while the man with the faded hair roared through his matted beard: "Buy olt rags! Buy olt rags! Olt boddles! Olt copper; Olt iron! Vaste baber!"

The lump on Skipper's hock kept growing bigger and bigger. It seemed as if the darts of pain shot from hoof to flank with every step. Big hollows came over his eyes. You could see his ribs as plainly as the hoops on a pork-barrel. Yet six days in the week he went on long trips and brought back heavy loads of junk. On Sunday he hauled the junkman and his family about the city.

Once the junkman tried to drive Skipper into one of the Park entrances. Then for the first time in his life Skipper balked. The junkman pounded and used such language as you might expect from a junkman, but all to no use. Skipper took the beating with lowered head, but go through the gate he would not. So the junkman gave it up, although he seemed very anxious to join the line of gay carriages which were rolling in.

Soon after this there came a break in the daily routine. One morning Skipper was not led out as usual. In fact, no one came near him, and he could hear no voices in the near-by shanty. Skipper decided that he would take a day off himself. By backing against the door he readily pushed it open, for the staple was insecure.

Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, but there was still short sweet winter grass to be found along the gutters. For a while he nibbled at this hungrily. Then a queer idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing of a smartly groomed saddle-horse was responsible.

At any rate, Skipper left off nibbling grass. He hobbled out to the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood just as he used to stand when he was the pride of the mounted squad. He was on post once more.

Few people were passing, and none seemed to notice him. Yet he was an odd figure. His coat was shaggy and weather-stained. It looked patched and faded. The spavined hock caused one hindquarter to sag somewhat, but aside from that his pose was strictly according to the regulations.

Skipper had been playing at standing post for a half-hour, when a trotting dandy who sported ankle-boots and toe-weights, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road-wagon in which were two men.

"Queer?" one of the men was saying. "Can't say I see anything queer about it, Captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squatter; that's all I see in it."

"Well, let's have a look," said the other. He stared hard at Skipper for a moment, and then, in a loud, sharp tone, said:

"Ten-shun! Right dress!"

Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his head, and side-stepped stiffly. The

trotting dandy turned and looked curiously at him.

"Forward!" said the man in the wagon. Skipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt! I thought so," said the man, as Skipper obeyed the orders. "That fellow has been on the force. He was standing post. Looks mighty familiar, too—white stockings on two forelegs, white star on forehead. Now, I wonder if that can be—here, hold the reins a minute."

Going up to Skipper the man patted his nose once or twice, and then pushed his muzzle to one side. Skipper ducked and countered. He had not forgotten his boxing trick. The man turned his back and began to pace down the road. Skipper followed and picked up a riding-glove which the man dropped.

"Doyle," said the man, as he walked back to the wagon, "two years ago that was the finest horse on the force—took the blue ribbon at the Garden. Alderman Martin would give a thousand dollars for him as he stands. He has hunted the State for him. You remember Martin—Reddy Martin—who used to be on the mounted squad! Didn't you hear? An old uncle who made a fortune as a building contractor died about a year ago and left the whole pile to Reddy. He's got a fine country-place up in Westchester and is in the city government. Just elected this fall. But he



Into one of these shanties Skipper was driven.

isn't happy because he can't find his old horse—and here's the horse."

Next day an astonished junkman stood before an empty shanty which served as a stable and feasted his eyes on a \$50 bank note.

* * * * *

If you are ever up in Westchester County be sure and visit the stables of Alderman P. Sarsfield Martin. Ask to see that oak-panelled box-stall with the stained-glass windows and the porcelain feed-box. You will notice a polished brass name-plate on the door bearing this inscription:

SKIPPER.

You may meet the Alderman himself, wearing an English-made riding-suit, loping comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white fore-legs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinarians can cure spavin.—Alderman Martin says so.—Scribner's.

A Scotch farmer recently took a large farm. A neighbor spent an evening with him before he flitted, and got all the news about his new place. After this had been discussed, he said to him: "They tell me, Geordie, that the minister's nae muckle worth doon there." "Oh, well," Geordie replied, "if we hae a gweed smith and an honest miller we'll mak' oot wi' a gey middlin' kin' o' a minister."

The Young Guards at Waterloo.

At the battle of Waterloo the Young Imperial Guards was a corps consisting of young men from 18 to 21 years of age. Their officers were men of experience and courage, drawn from other regiments. They were sent to Waterloo, as were indeed almost all that remained of the French army. The Emperor was so loath to send them forward that he waited expecting to be able to do without them. The young men grumbled almost as much as the old Guards. Why did not the Emperor send them forward?

At last, about 4 o'clock, they were sent to the front. Many were the struggles they had. They came in front of the Highlanders, and the fight was fierce, and at last came to a hand-to-hand fight. A Highlander, perceiving that there was a gap round the standard-bearer—his comrades had fallen—threw his musket down and rushed for the standard, but the young Guard was not willing to let it go.

Then a long struggle began; each side ceasing firing, each fearing to kill their own hero. At last the Highlander, impatient and angry at the resistance of the little Frenchman, flung him, standard and all, over his broad shoulders, and carried him over on his side; and then Highlanders and Frenchmen roared and applauded in sheer admiration.

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Myers' Royal Poultry Spice causes eggs to be produced, and fowls to be fattened when all other means fail. A good reliable article always wins.

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Technically Dead, He Lives.

Joseph Crocker Sibley, Democratic member of the House and Republican member elect from Pennsylvania, has a queer constituent, says the Washington Post. This constituent, though he claims to be technically dead, yet liveth. He is a claimant, and therein lies the pith of the remarkable situation. When soldiers were first drafted in the civil war he fell a victim, and, being a peace-loving citizen, he purchased for \$500 a substitute. Later there was another draft, and again the peace-loving citizen fell a victim, whereupon he purchased another substitute at a cost of \$350.

But the p.-l.-c.'s troubles were not ended. The drafting officers came along still later, and his ill-luck again pursued him. It cost him \$350 more of his good money to get a third substitute. Meanwhile the first substitute had been killed in the wars, on which fact the present claimant bases his argument that, as far as the subsequent drafts were concerned, he was technically a dead man. He wants the government to pay him back \$700. He thinks he needs the money.—The Sunny South.

The Goat vs. the Ram.

One time there was a young gote which felt butty, and there was an ole ram which lay in the road, half a sleep, a chune her cud. The gote he had been shet up in a paster all of his life, an' had never saw a ram, an' he sed to his sister, the gote did, "You jest stand still an' se me whipe that freck ole the face of the orth."

So the gote he went up before the ram an' stamp his feets an' shuke his head real frieful, but the ram he didn't git up, but only jes kep a chune his cud, an' watched out between his i lashes. Bime by the gote he backed off and tuke a run, an' then arose up in the air an' come down with his hed on the ram's hed, wack! The gote's hed was busted, but the ole ram he never wank his eye. Then the ole ram he smiled with his mowth, an' said to the buttegote's sister, "Pears to me, miss, that kangaroo of yourn is mity careless where he lites, he come gum dasted near makin' me swoller my cud."

"I suppose," said the visitor, "it's like pulling teeth to get any money out of your husband these days?"

"Oh," chipped in little Tommy, before his mother could speak, "ma don't have any trouble pullin' teeth. She just takes 'em out and puts 'em in a glass."

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druggists in Canada. Only reliable
medicine discovered. Six
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forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse
or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco,
Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt
of price, one package \$1. six, \$5. One will please,
etc will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Home Dressmaking.



2467—Girl's Square Yoke Dress.

To be made with or without yoke collar and having a five-gored skirt. Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 8 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch, or 2 yards of 42-inch material. As shown, 3 yards of 32-inch, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of allover, 2 yards of embroidered edging and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of beading.



2468—Misses' Blouse.

Three sizes, 12 to 16 years. Size 14 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch, or 2 yards of 42-inch material. As shown, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch, with 1 yard of allover and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of tucked batiste. Taffeta, fancy flannels, henrietta, brilliantine and cotton fabrics are desirable materials for making this blouse.



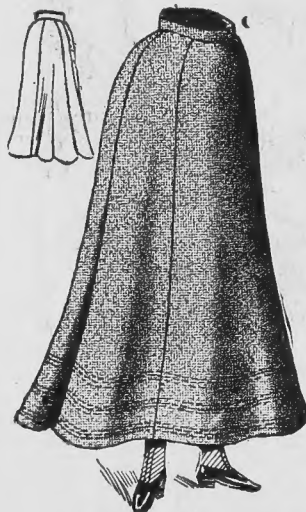
2493—Ladies' One Piece Skirt.

With ripple back. Five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and measures about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the lower edge in the round length. All dress fabrics in silk or wool can be used for this model.



2485—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

To be made from tucked or plain material. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 21-inch, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32-inch or 2 yards of 42-inch material. Allovers of tucking, embroidery or insertions as well as silk, brilliantine, henrietta, dimity, Swiss muslin, nainsook and other wash fabrics are appropriate for the purpose.



2599—Ladies' Seven Gored Walking Skirt.

Length 40 inches. Six sizes, 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Homespun, covert, serge, cheviot, tweed and the like would develop the model well.



2502—Ladies' Waist.

Cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 bust measure. Medium size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch goods, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 21-inch material.

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Novelties in Veils.

The extreme novelties in veils are pink, with medium-size velvet spots, and between these a great number of almost invisible pink, green and red, or tiny green or red spots. There are also pale Nile green veils with green spots, and the glint and glitter of innumerable gold and silver points between.

The chiffon veils come in all colors, but all the shades and tints of blue are favored, and also white with black spots. Plain chiffon veils are not so correct as those with the dots on them, and in all cases, except with the white and black veils, the spots are the same as the mesh.

"I want you," said an old Georgia farmer to a teacher, "ter give Bill about \$6 worth o' schoolin', pervided you'll take it out in trade. Fer instance, I'll start him on three bushels o' corn; then when that's out I'll keep him a-movin' on a couple o' smokehouse hams; I'll give you a young heifer ter larn him writin' an' a home raised cow ter beat figgers in his head."

"Do you want him to learn any of the higher branches?"

"Well, after he climbs a leetle, you might throw in 'bout a bushel or two o' them, ef you think fit, or say, 'bout a quarter o' beef's worth."

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20 in.	-	4.00
22 in.	-	5.00
24 in.	-	6.00
26 in.	-	7.50
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N.B.—No attention will be paid to coupons improperly filled in. Any subscriber failing to secure patterns in due time after sending in coupon may infer that some omission was made, and should send a new coupon filled according to the directions above, taking the precaution of writing the word "Corrected" on the upper left-hand corner. Letters referring to patterns cannot be answered unless the necessary postage for reply is enclosed.

In the Home.

Exercise for Women.

It seems strange that so many women neglect to take sufficient out-door exercise. Men whose business enforces confinement, and who wish to conserve their health, make daily open-air exercise a matter of regular habit to be conscientiously observed, but how many women there are who utterly ignore this great law of health.

Put Away Furs and Woolens.

All furs and unnecessary woolens which have not already been put away for the summer should be attended to at once. Goods which have been exposed until the present time should be thoroughly cleaned and exposed to the hot sun to destroy all eggs; also any trunks or closets into which garments are to be packed should be carefully cleaned out.

Cleaning Painted Woodwork.

Light-colored painted woodwork should be dusted lightly with a brush. The great secret in cleaning paint successfully is to do it very quickly and use only a little water, rinsing it as soon as clean in clear water, and letting it dry quickly. The water used may have a little gold dust or similar cleansing agent dissolved in it. Black painted woodwork can be very easily cleaned and brightened by rubbing with a rag dipped in either kerosene or oil and turpentine. This could also be applied to light paint work if very dirty. The hinges of creaking doors should also be attended to at this time, the defect being easily remedied by applying a feather dipped in oil. This will also ease a stiff lock or door handle.

Furniture Polish.

A good polish for varnished furniture is equal parts of vinegar, sweet oil and spirits of turpentine; the furniture may be washed first with warm water and soap. The little white spots which come on varnished furniture may be removed by holding a hot dinner plate over them for a few moments. For unvarnished furniture of dark wood a coarser oil, mixed with turpentine, does very well; besides improving the appearance and cleansing it, it also preserves the wood and strengthens it. Cane chair bottoms may be not only cleansed but made more springy and elastic by washing with hot water, using, if they are dirty, soap also. The chair should be turned upside down and well soaked. Dry it out in the wind and sunshine, and it will be as firm and nice as when new, unless it is broken or injured in any way.

A True Lady Must be Unselfish.

To be a lady, a girl, in the first place, must be truly unselfish. No one who is greedy for her own advantage, self-seeking in all her contact with others, can attain the gentleness, the courtesy, the loveliness of manner, which are the very essence of ladyhood. One of the prettiest ways of speaking of a lady is to call her a *gentlewoman*, and that means, in our day some one in sympathy with every pure and good and delicate thought, whose manner is kind and conciliating, whose voice is gentle, who is thoughtful of others.

In old English days and in the early use of the English language, a lady was the wife or daughter of a man of title and aristocratic birth; to-day, in our country, the highest meaning of the title is that such or such a young woman is in sympathy with all that is elevated and improving; is sternly determined not to have any connection with what is "loud" or vulgar, keeps aloof from coarse and unworthy companions, and guards herself and her home from every low and doubtful pleasure or amuse-

ment, even though these may have the sanction of both fashion and popularity.

When Sending Flowers.

There are few pleasures in life sweeter than that given a friend when you send her a box or a nosegay of flowers, and certainly that pleasure is very reflective, bringing much joy to the giver as well. Simple, old-fashioned flowers are as dear, possibly dearer, to the heart of the flower lover as are orchids or French roses. A welcome evidence of your thoughtfulness for your friend who is going or coming, who confesses to another birthday, who is an enforced stay-at-home, or who is alone with sorrow, will be a bunch of fresh violets, or of mignonette, or of daisies, or of bachelor's buttons (those beautiful, dear old flowers); or you might send a box of merry-faced pansies, or a pot of lilies of the valley, or a coarse basket filled with wild flowers and ferns. But to give your offering a distinctly personal, a poetical flavor, tuck a little note down in the heart of the gift—just some kind little wish for her, or a pretty-rhymed praise of the flowers you send. This will take only an additional minute, but it is this particular little bit of thoughtfulness that will give the personality to your gift, that will free it from all evidences of a gift carelessly, hastily sent.

Sowing Annual Flowers.

If one wishes to sow seeds of annuals out of door and not lose them from drying or baking of soil, here is the way to be successful:—

Have your bed mellow and rich, soil finely pulverized and just damp enough—neither wet nor dry—and mark your rows, packing the soil firmly where the seeds are to be placed. Sow thinly, sprinkle soil over seed and again pack firmly. Now cover each row with grass or the soft, young growth of weeds, about an inch deep, and give them a good letting alone.

By the time the seedlings appear the grass will have withered sufficiently to allow air and light enough, and when they are a week or two old the grass can be carefully placed about their roots as a mulch. If more is added as they grow, and summer heat increases, so much the better. This plan is excellent for the summer's sowing of perennials.

To Remove a Tight Ring.

An easy way of removing a ring that has grown too tight for a finger is to thread a needle with thread that is strong but not too coarse. Soap this needle and pass it eye first under the ring on the inside and toward the palm of the hand. Pull the thread through a few inches, and then unwind the other end that has been passed under the ring. With this unwinding the ring will come off.

The Cooking of a Ham.

The experienced housekeeper says she finds it almost impossible to learn from cook books how to cook a ham. One book will begin with the sweeping statement that the ham must be put in a deep kettle, covered with water, and cooked slowly. Hot or cold water it doesn't say; that one detail seems too commonplace for mention. Then she opens another book to read: "Put a ham weighing ten pounds in a large pot with water to cover it." Evidently the ten pounds is the important item. In reality it is not so easy a matter to cook a ham as it might seem.

For the first step much depends upon the ham. The ordinary ham that comes from the west will not endure the soaking that an old-fashioned ham must have. The western ham is usually full of water to add to its weight. At any rate scrub the ham thoroughly. An 8-pound ham is large enough for most families. Some housekeepers insist on borax and water supplied with a small scrubbing brush must be used to properly prepare the meat for cooking. It should usually be soaked over night. Trim it and cover it with a cloth. Now put it in the kettle with one bay leaf,

six cloves, six pepper corns, one carrot and one onion; cover with cold water and cook very slowly for four hours. At the end of that time add one pint of either white wine or acidulated water and continue cooking until the meat is tender. The ham is ready to be served after the skin has been removed. The liquor in which it has been cooked should be boiled down till it measures one pint, the fat carefully skimmed off and a little butter and browned flour added.

Or the ham may be prepared in a slightly different way. Put about six cups of sugar, two bay leaves, a bunch of parsley, two whole onions, and some whole allspice into the kettle. Add the ham and a quart of sour wine. Cover the kettle tight. A good idea is to put a cloth over the top and then place over it the cover. Boil rapidly for an hour. Then let the ham cool slightly before pouring in a quart of boiling water. Cover again and let the meat simmer gently for three hours. The skin of the ham should be removed when it is warm, and with a quick jerk. After it has been taken off, cover the ham with a mixture of a teaspoonful of browned flour, a cup of brown sugar and one-half cup of wine. Finish by browning the ham in a hot oven.

A little kerosene put on the dust cloth will brighten furniture wonderfully and prevent the dust from flying from one piece to the other.

To remove the smell of new paint, lay a bunch of hay in the room and sprinkle it with a little chloride of lime. Close the room for several hours.

Shine on Boots.—"What can be done to make new boots take a high polish?" S. F. P.—(Brush off all dirt, and rub well all over with a juicy cut lemon. Let this dry in for a day. Then black and polish in the usual way.)

I have in my kitchen a device for holding my cook book open for reference as I work at the table beneath the kitchen shelf; it has proved very convenient for a novice at cookery. A board having a narrow strip nailed along its edge to keep books from slipping is suspended in a slanting position by wires fastened to the under side of the shelf in the kitchen. My cook book or recipes rest on this at just the right height for my eyes to read as I work at the table beneath the shelf. A strip of tape runs across this board and holds the book open at its proper place.—Good House-keeping.

Visitor—"Ah! What a picture of innocence that child is!"
Mother—"Dear me! I hadn't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?"

"What time is it?" asked his wife, suspiciously, as he came in.
"About one."

Just then the clock struck three.
"Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter?" he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.

Daughter—"Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli—"

Practical Mother—"My dear girl, stop just where you are. I have arranged for a thorough course in roastology, boilology, stichology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic busiology. Now get on your working clothes."

"What is this here diplomacy?" asked the grocery loafer. "It is like this here," said the grocer. "For instance, if I wanted to call you a liar, I'd just do so right out; but if I wanted to be diplomatic, I'd go at it sorter roundabout an' jissay to the surroundin' air that while I wasn't namin' no names, I reely did believe that a certain red nosed, squint eyed cuss that had et at least ten pound of my best cheese without ever payin' a cent was not so keeful with the truth as he order be. See?"

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Boys Who Don't Succeed.

Standing by the desk of a business man who employs quite a number of lads, I saw a boy of about 15 come in and apply for a situation. The boy was well dressed, and in demeanor and accent indicated that he belonged to a good school. Without taking off his hat, or appearing to notice anybody who was present, he demanded, in a sharp, unpleasant voice: "Say, mister, are you advertising for a boy?" The business man looked at him for a second, and answered, "I want an older boy than you." "What?" "I want an older boy than you," answered the merchant, in a somewhat louder voice. "Oh," answered the lad, as he swung round and walked out.

"That," said the merchant to me, "is a sample of the manner of the modern

school boy. In my business, you know, we depend almost entirely upon the politeness, quickness and adaptability of the young fellows we have behind the counter. My customers ask me why I charge my boys so often. Certainly it is not to save money, for I would be willing to keep them if they were worth keeping. The first thing they ask is what wages I pay and the next what hours they will have to work. They never think about me or my business; all they want to know is how much they can get out of me. Apparently they give me no credit for being able to teach them a profitable trade; they only regard me as a task-master, who is to be made to pay the highest price, give the shortest hours, and accept the lowest quality of service.

An eloquent speaker, like a river, is greatest at the mouth.

A Hanging Bee.

Quite recently a lumberman near Makinak got into financial difficulties and among his creditors were a number of workmen. The method adopted by the "boys" to collect their accounts was not only effective but singularly original. They secured a stout rope, seized the mill owner, conveyed him to a neighboring tree, heaved the rope over a convenient limb and then stated their terms of settlement without the waste of legal phraseology. The creditors have since reported the "settlement" to be to their entire satisfaction.

"That waiter girl," the poet said
Unto the regular boarder,
"Isn't what I'd call a ready maid—
Because she's maid to order."

During the late Queen Victoria's reign, she was represented by ten Governor-Generals of Canada.

Abe Snodgrass — "I'd lick him, only gals is always sympathizin' with the under dog."

Eben Chickweed — "Then why don't you pitch into him an' let him lick you?"

Meeting an old farm laborer, who, on leaving his employ, had removed to a neighboring village, a farmer in Shropshire asked how his son was getting on.

"Oh! George is doin' grand."
"Indeed, I am glad to hear it. Where is he living?"

"He's gone to furrin' (foreign) parts."

"Oh! emigrated?"

"Ay! I dunna ezactly know wheer, but a' b'lieve it's somewhere i' Lancashire."



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There is honor and happiness in vigorous manhood and womanhood. Don't you want to feel the glow of new-born life in your blood and nerves, to feel the bubbling spirit of youth again? Don't you want to have a strong heart, courage, nerves of steel, self-confidence, strength in every organ, ambition, energy, grit and endurance? Don't you want to be rid of the "come and go" pains, the Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Varicocoele, Weak Back and General Debility?

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If you are tired of useless drugging and have spent all your time and money without benefits, call or write to-day. I ask no money until you are cured, and if I fail, it costs you nothing. I have made over 50,000 people strong and vigorous, and they never tire of praising my wonder-working remedy. Write for my beautiful book, which describes my treatment and gives full information.

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have an old belt of another make which has burned and blistered you or one that did not possess electricity, bring it in and I will allow you one-half the price of mine for it.

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